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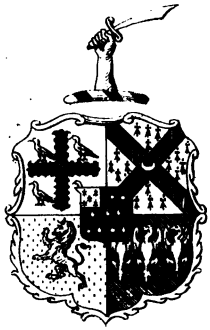

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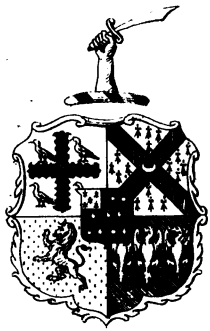

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TREVELYAN.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

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TREVELYAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

Scott, Caroline Lucy, lady

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)

1833.

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TREVELYAN.

CHAPTER I.

Slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever. It may be a sound,
A tone of music—summer's eve or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean, which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain by which we're darkly bound.

BYRON.

IT is needless to attempt any description of Richmond. Every one must be acquainted with that celebrated resort of Sunday cockneys, that long established colony of old maids and widows. Every one has skimmed along the lovely silver Thames which glides below the town, or has wandered in the meadows on its

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banks, listening to the distant chimes of the Twickenham bells, and watching in pleasing reverie the reflections of the gay pleasure-boats, as they swim past, or rest under the welcome shade of the drooping willows. Every one, in short, has felt the soothing influence of

> "That landscape, which to the heart inspires
> Vernal delight and joy—able to drive
> All sadness but despair."

In one of the houses at the outskirts of the town, situated between the bridge and the meadows, whose little gardens overhang the barge track at the edge of the river, lived in 1798 Miss Trevelyan. She was one of that description of stigmatized persons yclept old maids, mentioned as congregating to the place; that is to say, she was several years above forty, and had apparently no thoughts of changing her state of single blessedness. But in other respects she was a most unworthy member of the then existing community of Richmond; for she never played at cards,

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never gave or went to dinner-parties, never made or received visits. Once, indeed, a carriage, with the decoration of a coronet on the panels, and a smart turn-out of four knowing-looking horses, was seen waiting at her door, and great was the sensation it occasioned, and many the surmises to which it gave rise. But to whom it belonged was not ascertained, for her servants, the usual medium of information on such matters, and who consisted of a cross old cook and a deaf fat footman, were as reserved and exclusive as herself, and associated with no one.

On the first arrival of Miss Trevelyan at Richmond, several advances of civility had been made towards her, but they had met with no return on her part. Some settled that she was *fine*, others that she was *serious;* but all agreed she was *queer*. By degrees, however, as new topics of conversation arose and new inhabitants arrived, she ceased in some degree to be the general subject of dis-

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cussion, although whenever she was seen wandering in the meadows with her dog (her only and constant companion), many an invective was levelled against her on account of her supposed impertinent airs, or puritanical pride, and for so provokingly occupying a house which might have added a member or two to the society of the place, perhaps even of the male sex, an article in which Richmond was at that time sadly deficient.

One fine evening in the beginning of August, Miss Trevelyan had taken her station on a bench in her little garden, under a catalpa-tree in full blossom. It was one of those delicious evenings which follow an intensely hot day, and when mere existence is enjoyment; she sat for some time in the vague sort of reverie which that sensation produces. The soft air was perfumed with jasmine and honeysuckles; the summer flies buzzed around, and all nature seemed in life. On a sudden the sound of music struck her ear. She

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looked over the low parapet wall of her little garden and beheld one of those aquatic shows which seem rather to belong to bright Venice, with her songs, her splashing oars, and gay romance of life, than to the cold, dull climate and habits of England. Two or three gilt barges, decorated with flags of every colour, and followed by an innumerable train of boats, came sparkling down the stream, while figures, decked in all the tints of the rainbow, were seen dancing gaily on the decks. The music grew more distinct and loud at each stroke of the rowers, and now the dazzling flotilla passed close below Miss Trevelyan's garden; then, gliding gently on, pursued its gay career through the arches of the bridge, which soon concealed it from the sight, while the notes of the various instruments, the splashing of the many oars, and the merry voices of the collected crowd, again grew gradually fainter on the ear.

The sun had now sunk below the horizon,

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and the trees, outlined against the bright amber sky, partook of the sombre tint of twilight. The distant hum of mirth before long died entirely away, and as every boat and every pedestrian had followed the gay procession, the river, fields, and paths seemed on a sudden entirely deserted. Miss Trevelyan still leaned against the parapet wall, lost in thought, until almost unconsciously to herself tears stole down her cheeks.

The scene which she had just beheld portrayed to her mind the history of her own existence. Thus gaily had life first accosted her;—thus had it passed her by,—and thus had it now left her, an isolated being.

She had entered the world one of a large family. Her father, the younger brother of the Earl of Launceston, had been brave and fortunate, had risen high in his profession, and derived an ample income from his various military appointments. Her mother had died when Miss Trevelyan had scarcely attained her sixteenth year; and the same here-

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ditary complaint, which consigned her to the grave prematurely, carried off several of her children; one brother, however, still remained to Miss Trevelyan, but with him she was scarcely acquainted, as he was more than ten years younger than herself, when quite a lad had entered the army, and very soon after followed his regiment to India. Thus almost every individual with whom she had begun life, with whom she had gambolled in childhood, and shared the pleasures of youth, had disappeared one by one, and she alone had remained to watch over the declining health and intellect of her father, a paralytic stroke having for some time previously to his death greatly affected both. Alone with him Miss Trevelyan had continued during the last fifteen years to inhabit the home of her more cheerful days, having ever before her eyes the deserted apartments and vacant places of those whose presence had once seemed a part of the home itself.

In such a dismal, monotonous life, there was

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certainly nothing calculated to dissipate the gloom which the frequent scenes of sickness and death in her family had thrown over her spirits, undermining the spring of youth. But there was another circumstance, which, perhaps, more than all these losses and deprivations, helped to colour her mind and disenchant her existence. She had in childhood met with an accident, to prevent the evil consequences of which every care had been taken, but in vain; and as she grew up, these consequences were but too apparent, not only in her figure, but in a delicacy of health, the inevitable result of a deformed person. And her character had possibly been even more affected by this accident than her appearance, for, losing her mother just at that age when the mind most needs direction and assistance, and having no one to support her's under the severe trial which such a misfortune imposes, it had preyed even on her good sense (albeit naturally of a superior order), until, magnifying to herself its import-

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ance, and encouraged in this gloomy error by the many depressing circumstances of her youth, she had grown to consider herself as one, not only cut out from all general society, but even from the charities of life, one likely to inspire contempt and ridicule, rather than commiseration and interest. Hence, therefore, an abstracted melancholy of disposition, which reconciled her without murmuring to the dismal seclusion of her life as long as her father lived, but which, on his death, made her look with dismay on a world to which she was as yet a total stranger, and from which she felt herself to be an outcast. Youth had by this time slipped by her, she hardly knew how, but certainly unembellished even by any of those passing pleasures which usually dress up that period of existence; all expectation, all elasticity of mind had fled with it, and she would gladly have remained concealed and unknown in her former home (although now to her become a mausoleum), rather than make

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the exertion of seeking another, and facing that world from which she expected nothing but contempt.

This, however, was impossible, for with General Trevelyan's life had ended all his appointments, and, according to his will, every thing of personal property was to be disposed of in order to make up a small heritage for his surviving children. Miss Trevelyan felt that "the world was all before her where to choose," — a melancholy liberty, more painful, perhaps, than the most arbitrary compulsion, as it seems to cast upon ourselves all responsibility for the comfort or discomfort of our future lives. Various plans and homes were suggested to her by the confidential lawyer, who had had the charge of her father's affairs: but, shrinking from every change either in her way of life or residence, she rejected them one by one until actually forced to come to a decision by being driven from her former home to make way for its

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new possessor, when chance rather than choice fixed her at Richmond. No one certainly could be less fitted to prove an acquisition to the gossiping, card-playing sisterhood of the place; and, had its members been aware of all that the reader is now in possession of, many a surmise with regard to the new inhabitant, many a plan for acquaintance with her, might have been spared.

It so happened that there was an evening-party next door that very day on which Miss Trevelyan's carriage had been seen unlading at her new residence, and all the company came in open-mouthed on the subject. "And so No. 1 is at last taken," said one.—"Dear me, were you not aware of that," exclaimed another. "I have known it for above a month."—"Oh, then, perhaps you can tell us who our new neighbour is?" all eagerly cried out.—"To be sure," said the well-informed lady; "it is a Miss Trevelyan, but for how long I do not yet know."—"Miss Trevelyan!" re-

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peated the first, " I once had some acquaintances of that name; they were Cornish people — a very good family," added she, looking vastly important. — " Good family !" rejoined another. " Why, bless you, Trevelyan is Lord Launceston's family name." — " I should not wonder if she were a near relation of his; perhaps even a sister — or daughter." At this suggestion the Peerage was instantly seized upon, and all who could see without spectacles eagerly looked over the lucky individual who had first got possession of the interesting volume. It was there found that the Honourable Edward Trevelyan, second brother to Lord Launceston, born in 1730, had married Miss Stanley, and had issue, &c. This piece of intelligence gave rise to a general feeling of security, and when upon inquiry of Mrs. Hopkins (the lady of the house), it was ascertained that Miss Trevelyan came in a very good carriage, attended by a very respectable-looking servant in the Launceston livery, the

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satisfaction expressed was unbounded, and it was agreed that, at all events, she might safely be called upon. These advances of civility were accordingly made, and during the first week after her arrival at Richmond, her fat footman had each day to travel at least ten times to the door, to receive proffers of friendship from all her neighbours through the medium of their cards. But there the matter ended. No visits were personally returned; no cards even were sent in acknowledgment of them; and in proportion to the flattering expectations which the arrival of the new inhabitant of No. 1 had awakened was the disappointment arising from this, their death-blow, and the consequent indignation excited by such repulsive conduct.

Finery, as has been already said, was, of course, the first motive assigned; that charge which, (without any attempt to ascertain either its justice, or upon what pretensions the individual accused can even affect to deserve it,)

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is indiscriminately brought forward against every one who objects to general society. Miss Trevelyan was, accordingly, right or wrong, voted *fine*, and severe were the sarcasms levelled against this her supposed impertinence. "Really, for Miss Trevelyan to give herself such airs as to turn up her nose at the society of Richmond, because, forsooth she happens to be the daughter of Lord Launceston's younger brother, is too ridiculous; for, after all, what is that?"—"Many of us would, notwithstanding, have gone out of the room before her," said the Honourable Mrs. Hopkins, with emphasis; "and, perhaps, indeed, that is the very reason why she does not choose to visit in the neighbourhood."

Before long, however, her eccentricity was otherwise accounted for: she was observed to go twice to church on every Sunday, consequently she was pronounced to be *serious* and *methodistical;* everybody blessed their stars they had nothing to do with her, and

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confessed they really could not see what business she had to come and set herself up as better than her neighbours, and to dictate as to right and wrong among them.

This last charge of seriousness was nearer the truth than that of finery, if by seriousness was meant religion, for religious Miss Trevelyan certainly was, a most humble-minded, conscientious Christian; but her religion, tinged by her peculiar misfortune, had taught her the emptiness and vanity of all earthly enjoyments, rather than to bear the unavoidable ills of life with cheerfulness, and to enjoy with gratitude those passing gleams of sunshine sent in merciful compensation.

So many years of her life had been passed in solitary abstraction, and she had so long dwelt on the disadvantages of her lot, that she had taught herself to consider the distaste she felt for the intercourse of society as not only unavoidable, but in a great degree meritorious; and although, in moments of peculiarly melan-

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choly irritation, she had felt it hard that an existence apparently so full of interest to others should be to her thus blighted, yet the habitual conviction of her mind was, that the gay and happy must be frivolous, heartless, and irreligious. But these opinions, arising chiefly from the now almost constitutional depression of her spirits, did not render her either morose or censorious; charity was enthroned in her heart, and there was not a being in any station of life for whose advantage she would have hesitated to sacrifice her own. To visit in her solitary walks the habitations of poverty, and by her bounty to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy, were the only interests of which she was now susceptible, and at such times a momentary ray of cheerfulness would reflect itself back from the hearts she had gladdened upon her own depressed mind; but it always vanished in the silence and gloom which awaited her return to her own solitary fireside; and, instead of tracing this evil to its true source

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—instead of considering how greatly the seclusion in which she lived circumscribed her power of being useful to others, and thereby lessened her only enjoyment—she encouraged herself to believe that this tedium of life, of which she was so painfully sensible, was but the natural consequence of that misfortune with which it had pleased Heaven to afflict her, and that her feelings must be shared by all who, from having none of those endearing ties which prolong the vista of existence, see a dead-wall gradually rise at the end of their own.

And to such childless, insulated beings, at the period when recollections instead of anticipations form the character of life, this world must naturally wear a totally different aspect from that which it presents to their more busily-connected neighbours; for there is an awkward corner in human existence at which, bidding of necessity a final adieu to youth, we naturally lose at the same time all lively interest in our own prospects, and are therefore

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desolate indeed if we cannot identify ourselves with the fate of others. Such feelings may not, perhaps, be inaptly compared to those of a traveller who, after having revelled in the bright skies, the glowing landscapes, and intoxicating romance of Italy, returns home through that flattest and most uninteresting of all countries, la (self-yclept) Belle France. The brilliant sun, which at first starting illumined every object, has disappeared; the constant expectation of fresh enjoyment has passed away; the eye no longer seeks to catch the first glance of some long-expected object; a straight, dull road alone meets it, and the only desire is to arrive with all possible speed at the end of the now wearisome journey.

Miss Trevelyan's character and the circumstances of her former life being now fully explained, it cannot excite surprise that the gay show which glided below her garden, on that evening when she was first introduced to the notice of the reader, should have affected her

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so strongly. She remained fixed to the spot till darkness spread over every object, and till the bright lamps twinkling on the bridge were reflected in the rippling waters of the Thames; she then slowly ascended the steps leading to her little drawing-room. The heat of the season had long banished a fire, that only substitute for the society of a friend, and the gloomy appearance of her apartment made her almost shiver on entering, although the thermometer was at the moment at near eighty. She rang for candles, and when, in course of time, her old domestic appeared with them, she perceived by their welcome light a letter addressed to herself lying on the table before her. She eagerly seized it; a letter is such an event to one who lives alone! It was from her brother, then in India with Sir Arthur Wellesley, from whom she had not heard for several months, and who was now the only remaining being for whom she could feel any real interest.

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Colonel Trevelyan wrote much out of spirits; his health had suffered greatly from a wound he had received in the course of his military duties, as well as from the climate of India, and he feared he should in consequence be obliged for a time to relinquish his appointments, and endeavour to get leave of absence, but he did not expect that this would be practicable before the end of the year. He then added, "I have been every way unfortunate of late, and have experienced a sad loss in the death of my friend Howard, whom you have so often heard me talk of. Although much older than myself, he has been my constant companion in arms, and most intimate friend for many years. He fell a victim to the fatigues to which the army has been exposed, and to which he was no way equal; he bequeathed to me on his death-bed rather an awkward charge, but it was one which at such a moment it was impossible to refuse, however unwilling I might be to take such a responsibility on

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myself. It seems he has a daughter. Even I was not aware of this circumstance till a short time before his death. Her mother was an Italian. Since quite an infant this child has, I find, been in England, and she is now at a boarding-school at Clapham. By Howard's desire, I have, since his death, written to the person who keeps the school, to inform her of the event. This poor girl appears to be left in a most desolate situation, although not destitute; for Howard was well off, and having no near relations in circumstances to give them any claims upon him, he has left every thing in his power to this daughter; but she has never been taken the least notice of by any of his family, and of course they are not likely to be now more favourably inclined towards her. Were you near this poor child, I wonder whether you would object to seeing her? But I talk nonsense, for even should your kindness of heart make you overlook certain prejudices respecting her birth, I know your

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duties fix you closely at a far distant home, so that it is out of the question: but do you know any one to whose kindness you could so far recommend her, that she might occasionally be visited? It would be a satisfaction to me, who am now her guardian, and therefore answerable for her welfare, to know that she is well taken care of. The name of this poor orphan, by the by, is Theresa, and in addition she bears that of Howard."

After this followed much that was painful to Miss Trevelyan, as it all referred to their father's situation, the letter announcing his death not having reached her brother when he wrote.

Miss Trevelyan pondered much over that part of her brother's letter relative to Theresa Howard. She pondered over it many days. It was true that there were prejudices (and she thought just ones), against those in Theresa's situation; but in what way could she be affected or contaminated by contact with

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a poor deserted orphan? At all events she could hardly refuse her brother's request to go and see her, and the visit need not be repeated if she did not like it.

This consideration decided her, and accordingly a pair of post-horses were ordered for the good-looking carriage, and the respectable, fat, deaf servant in the Launceston livery being mounted on the barouche seat, Miss Trevelyan drove to Miss Birch's school at Clapham. To her this was a great effort, for she ever shrunk from presenting herself before those to whom her person was as yet unknown, and this dread of observation had naturally produced a degree of shyness and nervous timidity, which had now become constitutional; so that when, after some difficulty, the house in question was at last found, she grew quite frightened at the prospect of encountering the mistress of the school; and still more perhaps when she thought of the girl herself, to whom she had not an idea what it would be proper

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for her to say, and who, she fancied, must be at once prejudiced against one of her appearance, if indeed it did not actually excite her ridicule.

On leaving her carriage she was shown into the parlour, where in a short time an elderly lady, with rather a forbidding aspect, joined her, announcing herself as Miss Birch. She looked and spoke as if she had taught syntax, the rule of three, and thorough-bass, all her life; however, when Miss Trevelyan mentioned her errand, and talked of Miss Howard, she relaxed somewhat of her rigidity, expressing great pity for her situation, and saying that she had been much affected by the intelligence of her father's death. Miss Trevelyan endeavoured to discover what sort of girl this Theresa Howard was, but could obtain no positive answer to her inquiries. Miss Birch said that she had evidently been sadly neglected previous to her residence at her establishment — that allowances were to be made

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in consideration of her having begun her life among foreigners and papists—that she had certainly gained much by her tuition, and that she hoped in time, and under her system of education, she might be still further improved; but that it must be remembered Miss Howard had Italian blood in her veins, and that some faults were never to be corrected—in short, Miss Birch was evidently one who would never implicate herself by a decided opinion, either in praise or condemnation, and, having given this most unsatisfactory vague account of her young charge, she went in search of her, leaving Miss Trevelyan in a flutter of nerves, which every moment increased at the prospect of her interview with her brother's ward. A considerable time elapsed, during which Miss Trevelyan was busily employed composing appropriate queries and observations to be addressed to the girl, when at last the door re-opened, and Miss Birch again made her appearance, followed by one of the most lovely

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sylph-like figures nature had ever formed. Never having thought of asking what Theresa's age might be, and Colonel Trevelyan having always talked of her as the *child*, his sister had rather prepared herself to see some awkward, gawky-looking girl, with purple arms, a short thick figure, and with hair dangling down her back. She was, therefore, lost in admiration at the being now before her, who acknowledged her presence by one of those graceful obeisances which nature alone, and not even a first-rate dancing-master, can teach. Theresa being, of course, in deep mourning, her dress and the glossy black of her hair, made her smooth forehead and beautiful rounded throat appear perfectly dazzling. After one quick glance at Miss Trevelyan, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her cheeks, which, on her first entrance, appeared deadly pale, became coloured with emotion of some sort. Miss Trevelyan, although scarcely less abashed than the girl herself, went kindly up to her,

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and taking her cold nervous hand in both of her's, "You must look upon me as a friend, my dear Miss Howard," she said, in that mild tone of voice which was peculiar to her. "You know the sacred charge you are now become to my brother, and you must consider me at present as his representative." Theresa's hand trembled in her's, her lip quivered, but she did not speak.

They all sat down, and an awkward pause ensued. At length it was broken by Miss Birch. "Miss Howard is very shy," said she, speaking of her as of one absent, "and of course knows it would not be seemly if she were to talk in my presence. I have no doubt she is much gratified by your kindness in coming to visit her, and would express her thanks if she knew how. I sometimes take some of my young ladies to Richmond for a treat; and if that little junket should take place this season, I will make a point that Miss Howard shall be of the party, that she may have an opportunity

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of returning your civility; but at present I am going from home. This is, in fact, holiday-time; all my pupils are away, except such who have no friends to go to; those of course I allow to remain on in the house, and Miss Rag stays with them."

"Does Miss Howard, then, go nowhere during the vacations?" inquired Miss Trevelyan, in a tone of commiseration.

"Of course not," replied Miss Birch, drily; "she has, you know, no home to go to: there are two other young ladies in my seminary who are similarly situated. It is very inconvenient to *me*, as I am obliged to keep up an establishment during the whole of the vacation; but Colonel Howard made a point I should do so before he quitted England, and of course I feel myself still bound to keep to the bargain."

During this speech of Miss Birch's, the tears which stole down Theresa's cheeks, notwithstanding all her efforts to restrain them, excited the strongest feelings of interest and pity

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in Miss Trevelyan, although she could not help suspecting that they proceeded even more from wounded pride at these not very gentle hints with regard to the inconvenience which her dependence occasioned than from any softer feeling.

Just then Miss Birch was called out of the room, and Miss Trevelyan and her young friend were left *tête-à-tête*. No human being possessed a kinder heart than the former; she drew near to the poor girl, and taking her hand, bade her not weep. Theresa, in apparent astonishment, raised her tearful eyes to her who thus addressed her in the voice of kindness, and then, as if impelled by an emotion she could not command, on a sudden threw herself into her arms. Miss Trevelyan greatly moved at this unexpected burst of feeling in one who had hitherto appeared to be a mere automaton, most warmly returned her embrace. In an instant a thousand benevolent schemes passed through her mind; but

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her natural shyness and solitary habits, every peculiarity of her nature, in short, rose to counteract them, and checked the kind offers that were trembling on her lips. Again there was a long pause.

At length Theresa, wiping her eyes, thanked Miss Trevelyan for her great kindness to her; begged her, when she wrote, to give her duty to her guardian, and to assure him she would ever be guided by his will and wishes, as she had been by those of her—— Again her tears burst forth, and the word *father* could not be uttered.

Miss Birch, followed by a servant bringing in refreshments, at this moment entered. Had she been absent five minutes longer, probably Miss Trevelyan would have proffered to the poor orphan at least a temporary asylum under her roof; but Miss Birch seemed to possess the peculiar power of repressing every feeling of the heart by her presence. At her entrance Miss Trevelyan unconsciously left Theresa's

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side, and Theresa, relinquishing at once her hand, which she had still held in her's, hastily brushed away her tears, and resumed her former immoveable attitude and impenetrable silence.

After Miss Trevelyan had partaken of the offered refreshments as far as she thought civility required, she rose to depart. Theresa had of course also risen from her seat, but did not approach her; in short, in Miss Birch's presence she seemed as if spell-bound. The usual civilities at parting took place. Miss Trevelyan longed to take a more tender leave of the poor girl; but such (owing to the seclusion of her life) was her nervous timidity, that as Theresa never moved from her place, she had not courage to go up to her for that purpose. When she had reached the door of the room, she turned again to look at her; but she had walked to the window — her back was turned towards her. And thus they parted.

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During her drive home, the kind-hearted Miss Trevelyan thought but of Theresa Howard. She dreamt of her all night; her tearful countenance haunted her all next day. It seemed so cruel to leave her at that odious school, and during the holidays too! were she to pass but a fortnight of that time with her! one week—even a few days! But then what could she do with a girl of her age? how was it possible that anything so young and probably so gay should have any pleasure in her society? should even get over the unfavourable impression which her appearance would naturally produce? How should she amuse her? and what a dreadful constraint to have her constantly at her side—never to feel alone!

This conflict between *sauvagerie* and kindness continued some days; but at length the latter feeling prevailed. A letter was despatched to Miss Birch, with a proposal that Miss Howard should spend a few days with her at Richmond; and soon after the receipt

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of the answer, Miss Trevelyan was again on the road to Clapham.

Of course all these movements of the quiet inhabitant of No. 1 did not escape the notice of her vigilant neighbours, reviving all that curiosity about her which, for lack of fresh incidents to feed on, had in some degree died away. "What could she be about? where could she now be always driving to—she, who never used to go out in her carriage from one month's end to another?" And when, upon Miss Trevelyan's return after her second expedition, a young person was seen to follow her out of the chaise, and a trunk to be taken out of the boot, all the sisterhood were up in arms. "Well, certainly Miss Trevelyan is the strangest and most mysterious person that ever existed! No wonder she found it dull living alone, for that any one could have foretold; but why could she not associate with her neighbours, instead of going the Lord knows where to fetch the Lord knows whom?"

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It was then recollected that there was madness in the Trevelyan family, for Mrs. Hopkins was quite sure there had once been a very queer old admiral of that name. And thus was Miss Trevelyan, in the course of six months, pronounced to be *fine* and exclusive, methodistical and mad, she all the while perfectly unconscious of being an object of conversation or animadversion of any sort.

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CHAPTER II.

Thy good and amiable gifts
The sober dignity of virtue wear not;
And such a witching mien thy follies show,
They make a very idiot of reproof,
And smile it to disgrace.

BASIL.

DURING the first twenty-four hours of this new companionship, that glow of heart which ever attends the consciousness of having performed a kind action, made it appear delightful to Miss Trevelyan; and Theresa, laughing and crying by turns, was quite touching in her gratitude.

A reaction, however, soon took place. Miss Trevelyan's spirits had been unusually excited

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they now sank in proportion, and she longed for that silence and solitude which habit had rendered so congenial to her mind. To converse was irksome and fatiguing, for she and her new companion had not of course one subject in common. To be silent was worse; for beside her was one whom she felt she ought to entertain, whose presence therefore worried her nerves, and was a weight on her mind. Had Miss Trevelyan then given way to her inclination, she would, probably long before the expiration of the week, have again summoned the good-looking chaise, and sent poor Theresa back to her prison-house, under the charge of deaf John.

But her christian charity here interposed. She remembered that "it endured all things, hoped all things." She therefore submitted to the evil which she had drawn upon herself; and she was rewarded; for Theresa soon found such interesting occupation, that she ceased to be in the least a charge to her kind

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benefactress, and, merely by the consciousness of her presence, relieved her from that melancholy feeling of entire solitude, which had often saddened her mind. Miss Birch, at her elegant establishment for young ladies, kept those belonging to it in a state of such entire abstinence from all books but those of mere education (from motives of parsimony as well as prudence), that Theresa had never yet read any narrative possessing greater interest than Hume's History of England. While amusing herself in looking over the books in Miss Trevelyan's room, she chanced to light upon Madame de Stael's Corinne; her attention was soon arrested by it, and, after reading sufficiently for her imagination to be set on fire, she flew with the precious volume into the garden, in order to enjoy in the luxury of entire solitude the intoxicating pleasure which such a composition cannot fail to excite in a young ardent mind! Her heart beat at the recital of Corinne's talents and triumphs—her tears

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flowed at her sorrows, and her Italian blood glowing at the description of her own beautiful maternal country, she was so entirely engrossed by the lecture, that time flew unheeded by, and when at length five o'clock struck, it was almost as disagreeable to her to tear herself from the precious volume for that vulgar thing called dinner, as it was to her melancholy companion to leave her solitary meditations in order to perform the duties of an hostess. No sooner was the repast over, than again the darling book was seized, and Miss Trevelyan was allowed unmolested to pass the evening wrapt in reverie and her large shawl, on her bench under her favourite catalpa tree.

Thus by degrees Theresa, perfectly happy in her new life, gradually ceased to be in Miss Trevelyan's way, or to oppress her mind, and she, on her part, almost unconsciously began to lose a little of her abstraction. She sometimes watched with real pleasure the gay gambols which took place in the garden between The-

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resa and her little dog, who, delighted at having a playfellow, had actually, during the last ten days, grown ten years younger (according to dog computation of time), and no longer lay snoring at the feet of his sedentary mistress. And when Miss Trevelyan caught the sounds of Theresa's flexible voice, caroling (as she moved about the house), some gay Venetian ballad, which her quick Italian ear had caught, as if by instinct, from some strolling musician, she would lay down her serious contemplative book, break the train of her habitually gloomy thoughts, and listen to her clear, fresh, young voice, till it gave her a sensation of gladness. Thus from becoming *used* to Theresa's society, she soon grew to require it; soon felt it a pleasure, on waking of a morning, to think that she should be welcomed at breakfast by the bright smile of happy youth; that she should receive Theresa's warm-hearted kiss on her cheek; that she had some one to speak to—some one to listen to.

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And Theresa's society had done more for Miss Trevelyan than all this; more than perhaps she was herself aware of. On the first arrival of her lovely young companion, weak human nature, attacking her at her most vulnerable point, and before principle had time to check the rebellious feeling, surprised Miss Trevelyan into many a melancholy comparison and reflection as she gazed on her beautiful form, and even some tears, almost unconsciously to herself, had occasionally stolen down her meek face, when exaggerating all the advantages it promised her in this life, and the consequent cruel deprivations of her own lot. But when she found that this lovely being, far from shrinking from her with that antipathy which she had so erroneously anticipated, expressed by every means in her power, not only the most touching respect, but the tenderest affection for her person, the mortified self-disgust which she had so long entertained, and which solitude had nurtured, died insensibly away. The pos-

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sibility of being preferred, of being loved, broke in upon her blighted heart, and lit it up with such a vivifying feeling of gratitude, as to produce in consequence a degree of resignation and even contentment, into which she had hitherto endeavoured in vain to tutor herself by principle. Thus day followed day, week followed week, until Theresa's vacation had nearly expired, and Miss Trevelyan was beginning to think that it would be advisable to return her to Miss Birch's care.

But just at that period, Miss Trevelyan caught a violent inflammatory cold, which for a time settled in her eyes. All occupation was of course forbidden, and her young companion became so useful, indeed so absolutely necessary to her, that it was impossible to think of parting from her under such circumstances. Theresa had an affectionate, warm heart, and the kindness of her protectress had made a deep impression upon it; indeed, her gratitude had for the time, even operated a change in her cha-

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racter. For now that her dear Treevy was ill, Theresa was all thought and attention. She sung or read to her by the hour; even patiently reading the books she chose, although they were not of such a kind as to fix her wild wandering mind; for with her, all was fitful and unsettled. She had no rule of action whatever beyond the whim of the moment. Sometimes it was reading, at others music, and at others again, the idle sports of a child, or even of a kitten, to which she was devoted. But now that her benefactress was ill, she checked all the roving wildness of her disposition, and her only wish seemed to be, to administer to her comfort. To be thus an object of devoted affection, was new to Miss Trevelyan; her's was not a heart on which such a delightful feeling could be thrown away, and she thanked Heaven for having sent her this bright spark of life to cheer her lonely existence.

The autumn was past, and winter crept on, and still Theresa was Miss Trevelyan's inmate;

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for she had not courage just at that period of the year, when solitude is most felt, to deprive herself of the society of one who so delightfully cheered it, and who daily became more necessary and more interesting to her—indeed Theresa's very faults were calculated to increase that interest — Nature had done much more for her than education ever could have accomplished, for her's was one of those free-born characters which can be tutored by Heaven alone, and which nothing but severe suffering can subdue. But, with this independent spirit, that same nature had endowed her with a kind and generous heart.

Miss Birch (who, had she studied Theresa's disposition all her life, never could have comprehended it) thought that, in crushing for a time that spirit by coldness and severity, she had worked a miracle of reformation; but the inward fire remained smouldering, and wanted only liberty to burst forth with fresh vigour. Miss Trevelyan soon perceived these defects

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of her young protégée's character; but severely strict to herself, her mild indulgence spoiled all around her; and how could she chide one, who ever flew to execute and even anticipate her slightest wishes. *Principle* was a word which Theresa knew by name, but which did not convey any clear idea to her mind, and had consequently nothing whatever to do with her conduct. The two great points which had always been insisted upon by Miss Birch in her system of education, were the propriety of going to church, and the impropriety of telling an untruth, and these consequently formed pretty nearly the sum total of Theresa's religious principles and practice; to the first she had submitted, as to an unavoidable evil, and from the latter her natural upright nobleness of mind preserved her, without any effort on her part. She had, of course, been duly taught to repeat her catechism, and had in consequence learned the Commandments by heart, but she never could see how they ap-

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plied to herself! To bid *her* not steal, murder, bear false witness, or worship idols, seemed absurd, or at least perfectly useless, for she felt no inclination whatever to commit any one of these crimes. She had no parents to honour, no lands to inherit in consequence, in short the decalogue was dismissed from her thoughts as a code of laws no way regarding herself.

Miss Trevelyan soon perceived with pain how sadly deficient her young companion was in every species of religious knowledge, and often introduced the subject into their conversation, and recommended it to her in her studies. But Miss Trevelyan's mind was almost of too spiritualized a nature to be of use to Theresa's. Her piety went far beyond mere moral precepts and professions of faith; for, unenthralled by any earthly passion, and totally indifferent to the usual pursuits and pleasures of the world, her ideas had wandered into a sort of vague mystified contemplative

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religion, consisting in sensations, rather than actions, and those books which raised her pious soul above the world, and which, with that view, she recommended to Theresa, said nothing whatever to one, who had to begin with the A B C of religion; and more than once, when she had given her such works for her perusal, Miss Trevelyan had found her on the same spot, where she had left her an hour or two before, the volume open at the very page to which she had directed her attention; but with one of Scott or Byron's placed upon it, which the poor thoughtless girl was eagerly devouring, and so entranced by the engrossing fiction, that, when taxed with the offence, she seemed totally unconscious of the strange substitution of which she had been guilty.

No two persons certainly ever appeared less congenial than Miss Trevelyan and her young companion; but perhaps for that very reason (according to universal experience) they added the more to each other's enjoyment. It seem-

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ed too but a dull life for one so young and gay as Theresa, for their *tête-à-tête* continued unbroken, and their existence was of clock-work monotony; but then it was a life of comparative liberty, and liberty was as necessary to her mind's health as the breath of heaven to the play of her lungs. She read the books, she sang the songs, she preferred, was idle whenever she pleased, and rambled freely, accompanied by Miss Trevelyan's maid and her little dog, in the adjacent paths and meadows. Sometimes she even tempted Miss Trevelyan herself to the shops in the town, or to the terrace-walk on the hill; in short, Theresa's existence was now totally different from what it had been at Miss Birch's seminary, and that was all that she as yet knew of life.

Of course she had not escaped the police-like vigilance of the neighbours; it was wondered who in the world she could be! From such wonders they proceeded to suppositions. These

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were easily embodied into assertions, and before long the whole affair was completely settled, although without one single fact having transpired on which to build the scandalous suspicions, producing in consequence the exchange of sarcastic smiles and significant looks, whenever Miss Trevelyan and her young companion were mentioned; and the virtuous sisterhood, had they been Catholics, would no doubt have devoutly crossed themselves, as a defence from the defilement of so frail a neighbour as she was supposed to be. For gallantry was now confidently added to poor Miss Trevelyan's long list of offences, notwithstanding her want of personal attraction; and Theresa was unhesitatingly pronounced to be the unfortunate consequence of an indiscretion in her youth. Miss Trevelyan's unsociable eccentricities, her solitary and apparently neglected existence, were now fully accounted for, and of course no further advances of civility were made. It was even thought to be a great hardship to

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have a person of that sort living in the same row, with only a low wall of separation between the adjoining gardens. "For it really is not fair for such people to force themselves into a respectable neighbourhood; and I declare it is quite unpleasant," said her next-door neighbour, the Honourable Mrs. Hopkins, (whose honour, having come to her in a round-about, collateral way, was by no means slightly appreciated by herself,) "to live so very near as I do. Why I see the girl constantly on the lawn, and when the windows are open I can hear her sing, and by keeping very still, I can actually hear them talk; indeed, by leaning a little over that corner of my balcony, I can see into their drawing-room!"

"Can you really?" exclaimed two or three of her visiters at once; "how very awkward and disagreeable!" And with one accord they immediately hurried into the designated corner of the balcony, to see if they could catch a glimpse of the offensive pair.

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One of the party, more good-natured or less virtuous than the rest, said, that after all nothing actually wrong was positively known respecting Miss Trevelyan, and that she seemed, by what she had heard of her, to be so good and religious, that she really could not help sometimes doubting the truth of the stories against her. "Oh, my dear madam," answered her neighbour, with a smile of contempt at her simplicity, "those sort of people are always prodigiously pious and charitable: I would lay any wager she goes into all the dirty cottages, and reads the Bible to the beggars in the streets; for that is always the way with ladies of that description. I dare say she is cried up as a saint among a particular set; for her being a decided sinner is no objection with them — on the contrary."

Thus was poor Miss Trevelyan still a constant, although an unconscious object of animadversion in the neighbourhood, furnishing a most useful topic when politics or marriages

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failed, and shunned, as a sort of pestilence, by the inhabitants of Richmond in general. If they chanced to meet her and her young companion walking in the meadows, a large sweep was regularly made in order to avoid them; and, as if frailty was so infectious as to be communicable by touching even the same counter, they never failed to scramble up their purses and gloves in any shop at which they happened to be, immediately on the entrance of Theresa and Miss Trevelyan, who, having no clue to such extraordinary proceedings, were not a little astonished at the peculiar manners of the ladies of Richmond.

Miss Trevelyan heard twice from her brother during the winter. He had received the accounts of his father's death, and of her having taken up her abode at Richmond; but the letters relative to Theresa had not of course then reached him, so that he was still in total ignorance of her being settled under his sister's protection; for *settled* she now appeared finally

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to be. Miss Trevelyan had ceased to talk of her return to Clapham, and Theresa had, in consequence, ceased even to think of it.

In Colonel Trevelyan's last letter, which had reached his sister in February, he talked with confidence of being home early in the ensuing summer. The leaves and verdure which were to adorn that season were now beginning to appear, when, one fine day in April, the same coroneted carriage which had the year before occasioned such a sensation in Paragon Row, was again seen, with its four horses and smart postilions, at Miss Trevelyan's door. More vigorous efforts were made this time to ascertain to whom it belonged. Through the row of trees which edged the road, and by the means of an excellent glass, which had belonged to Mrs. Hopkins's grandfather, the captain of an Indiaman, the arms, coronet, and crest, were all carefully examined; the peerage was again consulted, and it was proved to be, past doubt, the Earl of Launceston's carriage,

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livery and all. An old gentleman and a fashionably-dressed young person alighted from it; and as they were so good as shortly after to repair to the garden with their hostess, they afforded ample occupation and subject for conversation to Mrs. Hopkins and all those friends who were so fortunate as to happen to call upon her at the time. For they were not a little puzzled how to account for the notice thus paid to their frail neighbour by a person of such consequence as Lord Launceston, (although a visit once a-year to be sure implied no great degree of intimacy,) and could only charitably conclude that interested motives of some sort prompted this scanty mark of civility —Miss Trevelyan having undoubtedly something very comfortable of her own—and that probably Lord Launceston was too nearly related to her to be able entirely to cast her off, whatever her conduct might have been.

The sisterhood were right in their conjectures, so far, at least, as regarded the near relation-

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ship of the party under consideration; for the old gentleman was neither more nor less than Miss Trevelyan's uncle.

Lord Launceston had been twice married; for, having had no children by his first wife, he had shortly after her death formed a second alliance with a young person, who, as to age, might have been his grand-daughter; and it was supposed that the real object of this his reputed love-match was to deprive General Trevelyan of his presumptive succession to the title and estates; the brothers having been, for many years previous to the death of the latter, on very bad terms, in consequence of an unfortunate lawsuit respecting some disputed property, which Lord Launceston gained and, as General Trevelyan thought, retained most unjustly. The second Lady Launceston, who died a very few years subsequent to her marriage, fulfilled her husband's wishes by leaving him two children; a son, Lord St. Ives, who, at the time of which we are treat-

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ing, was still at college, and a daughter, now about nineteen.

In consequence of this unnatural rupture between Lord Launceston and his brother, little intercourse had subsisted between the families for many years, but when, on the death of her father, Miss Trevelyan settled at Richmond, her uncle, for reasons best known to himself, made immediate advances towards a reconciliation, by driving down to see his niece, and the same annual visit was now again in due form repeated. The prominent feature in Lord Launceston's character was pride of rank and family. He looked upon the History of England in no other light than as archives recording his hereditary rights and honours—on the House of Lords as the appointed place in which to assert those rights; and on society in general as the theatre whereon they were to be displayed. The circumstance of being *a Trevelyan*—in his eyes covered a multitude of sins; and his attentions to his niece were

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therefore chiefly dictated by his respect for himself, in consideration of her near relationship, and because she and her brother were, with the exception of his own children, the only remaining descendants of his branch of that illustrious family.

In consequence of the fraternal quarrel already alluded to, Lord Launceston had hitherto totally neglected his nephew, Frederick, although, in addition to their near relationship, he was also his godson. But now that this once despised relative had risen high in the army, that his name had appeared in many a gazette, and that he had been particularly mentioned by Sir Arthur Wellesley, the calculating uncle began to think he might as well make *cause commune* with one who seemed likely to add fresh honours to his name, and, as a first step towards conciliating the nephew, he thought it would be wise to propitiate the niece.

The Lady Augusta, who now on his second visit to Miss Trevelyan accompanied her father,

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was one of those unfortunate beings, who, having received what is called an excellent, regular, finished education, had been deprived by it of nearly every spark of natural intelligence. All originality of character, all liveliness of feeling, had been deadened, if not totally extinguished, and although her conduct and manners were beyond criticism, they, as well as her person, were as uninteresting as blameless. No one on making Lady Augusta's acquaintance could possibly have detected a fault, but it would have been equally difficult to discover a charm.

As Theresa happened to be in the room with Miss Trevelyan when Lord Launceston and his daughter arrived, she was of course presented to them, and at first her well sounding name, and peculiarly prepossessing appearance, obtained for her the usual attentions of civility; but, on hearing from his niece who and what she was, Lord Launceston (who piqued himself on knowing the connections of all those who

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were worth knowing any thing about, and who was too close a questioner on such matters for it to be possible to evade his inquiries,) immediately drew back, and appeared to mount so high on his stilts of rank and family, as no longer to be aware even of the presence of the poor illegitimate orphan, descanting freely on her situation as if she were not by, and in but a half-suppressed voice, lecturing Miss Trevelyan on her very blameable imprudence and want of due consideration for herself, her family, and the opinion of the world, in countenancing any one of that description.

If it had ever been possible to rouse Miss Trevelyan to anger, she would certainly have warmly resented these affronting observations on her young favourite; but such impetuous feelings had been long since eradicated from her character, and she merely quietly replied, that, until her brother's arrival she could settle nothing about his ward, and that he would of

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course be guided in all arrangements relative to her future destination by her deceased father's wishes.

As Miss Trevelyan spoke these words, she glanced her eyes fearfully toward Theresa, and was soon aware by the heightened colour in her cheeks, that Lord Launceston's animadversions had reached her ears. She and Lady Augusta had immediately on the arrival of the latter seated themselves together, as being, by similarity of age, natural companions, and owing to Theresa's unaffected frankness and peculiarly attractive manners, their acquaintance had begun most prosperously, the Lady Augusta having even been drawn into a degree of easy familiarity, of which she was not often guilty with strangers, but into which she thought she might safely relax with one of the name of Howard, particularly as the families of Howard and Trevelyan were connected by marriage.

As the conversation between Miss Trevelyan

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and Lord Launceston grew more animated, that of his daughter with the despised orphan gradually died away; for Augusta had also overheard some of her father's observations, and, soon perceiving a marked difference in his manner towards her new acquaintance, she immediately entrenched herself within that freezing distance of manner which was most natural to her, and which he concluded she was now called upon to reassume. Theresa, on her part, was not one to forgive injurious treatment on principle. Her sensitive nature could ill brook injustice of any kind, although her heart readily beat responsive to the slightest mark of kindness: she therefore soon ceased to endeavour to propitiate those who evidently despised her, and sat immoveable, in proud and angry silence, until the party at length became so awkwardly taciturn, that Miss Trevelyan, in the hope that change of scene might also produce some of feeling, proposed adjourning to the garden.

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"Theresa!" said she, in a low tone of voice to her young friend, as they were about to follow their guests out of the drawing-room, "I can read and enter into all your feelings, but remember these are *my* friends and relations;" and she gently pressed her arm.

At those last words, Theresa's face again grew crimson, and tears started into her eyes. "You have there," said she, "hit on the only consideration which could make me forgive such unkindness, which could prevent me from this instant locking myself up in my own room," and she made a step towards the ascending stairs.

"Foolish girl!" said Miss Trevelyan, smiling and catching hold of her hand, "you allow that the consideration of the offenders being my friends has some weight with you—will not the idea of pleasing me induce you to go a step further?"

"It *should*, I am sure," replied Theresa;

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and, without adding another word, she followed her friend towards the garden.

When there, many a kind look of encouragement did Miss Trevelyan cast upon her young protegée, and at last with pleasure observed her so far to overcome her angry feelings as again to make advances of civility towards Lady Augusta. But it would not do — Augusta was not now to be propitiated, and, Theresa's love for her dear Treevy being unequal at last any longer to contend with her pride, she gave the matter up, and becoming as cold and distant as her aristocratic visiter, so dead a silence ensued, that it seemed as if the whole party were solely occupied in watching for the sound of the bell which would announce the return of the much wished-for carriage, and thus put an end to so disagreeable a visit.

Many inhabitants of villas near London will probably enter into Miss Trevelyan's feelings during this last hour of her relation's visit, although they may never have been placed

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in precisely the same situation as that which made it so particularly disagreeable to her. For, of all species of social intercourse, that which takes place between individuals of the gay world of London and their friends in its vicinity, is, perhaps, the most unsatisfactory and disappointing. The reason is obvious; leading totally different lives, engrossed by different interests, they have none of that *commérage de societé* which carries on conversation with tolerable ease between those who live in the same set, even without their possessing any peculiar congeniality of mind. And if it must be confessed that it is difficult (at least among English people,) to dispose of a couple of hours of social companionship without the mortifying help of cards, games, or music; what resource is there for a species of intercourse from which such occupations are necessarily banished — where there is no rallying point, no neutral ground, on which these *soi-disant* friends can meet and parley? The de-

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tails of the garden, the farm, or the village, cannot interest those who are engrossed by the more exciting pleasures of the metropolis; still less, perhaps, can the denizen of the country enter into those worldly pursuits which, contemplated from that degree of distance, equally precluding being drawn into their vortex and blinded to their frivolity, must astonish, even revolt those whose hours follow each other in the ordinary quiet duties and occupations of home; while their London friends, on their part, are naturally provoked by a degree of indifference to the affairs of the world, which they may impute to narrowness of mind, or an affectation of superior wisdom and sanctity. Thus a meeting, from which both parties probably anticipated much pleasure, necessarily ends in disappointment and *ennui*. The charms of the fresh verdure and of the perfumed air, the extraordinary beauty of the foliage, (which *extraordinary* beauty, by the way, is noticed

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every successive year as a fresh miracle in nature,) are soon discussed; and after a walk round the small parterre, and collecting a nosegay formed of the owner's choicest plants, which is probably laid aside and forgotten long before the visit is over, little more remains to be said or done, not half enough, at least, to fill up the two necessary hours to be passed while the horses are rested and fed, and the servants made tipsy at the next ale-house. Even luncheon, that great restorative to mind and body on such occasions, fails to occupy the hoped-for portion of time, till at length the London visiter, no longer able to endure the endlessness of the last half-hour, looks at her watch, thinks it must have stopped, that there must have been some mistake about the carriage, and, begging leave to ring the bell, in a tone of impatience orders it to come round directly. Thus the friends part with, perhaps, still greater mutual satisfaction than they originally met; and, equally exhausted by the vain

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attempt at being agreeable, the one soon falls asleep in her carriage, and the other over her book on the sofa.

There can be no doubt that Theresa saw Lord Launceston's carriage drive away with as much delight as was ever experienced by any unfortunate owner of a villa when thus dismissing a London friend, and certainly with much more satisfaction than Mrs. Hopkins could have conceived it possible for any one to feel on the departure from her door of a carriage, which could boast of an earl's coronet on the panels.

"Thank Heaven they are gone!" exclaimed Theresa, as with restored vivacity she lightly sprung up-stairs; "and I trust it will be many a day before we are again so favoured by such *right honourable* visiters; at all events it will be many a day before I shall forget their unkindness."

"Theresa," said Miss Trevelyan, looking her gravely in the face, "are such sentiments right, do you think?"

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"I don't know whether they are right or wrong, but surely they are natural!"

"And it is for that very reason that we should be suspicious of them," said Miss Trevelyan. "Do you remember what we this very morning read?"

"Oh, yes! I remember quite well," replied Theresa, with quickness; "but surely such grave rules have little to do with morning visits and visiters, and I do not see why I am bound to be civil to those, who are not only not civil to me, but positively unkind."

"Because," said Miss Trevelyan, "we are to return good for evil."

Theresa did not again reply, and, after a moment's pause, going up to her friend with an altered look and manner, "Ah, Treevy! it is not every one who can be like you, even if they try—which, perhaps, I do not; but at all events may I not at least say that I hope Lord Launceston and his daughter will not again soon come to make us quarrel, and to

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make you look grave at me!" And so saying putting her arms round Miss Trevelyan's neck, she looked in her face with such a winning smile, that her disarmed monitor could not find it in her heart to chide one so lovely, so fascinating.

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CHAPTER III.

Oh! but, madam, that is the very reason that it was believed at once; for she has always been so very cautious and reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at the bottom.

School for Scandal.

As summer advanced, Miss Trevelyan became nervously anxious for news of her homebound brother. The post was now a daily object of intense interest; preparations were already made in the house for his reception, and Theresa's imagination was busily at work picturing to herself that guardian who was to supply to her the place of a father.

One day, after a long walk with her usual companions, the maid and the little dog, she

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on returning home saw a hack chaise at the door, and fat John waddling backwards and forwards with luggage. She hurried on, to inquire who was arrived?

"Who! why the Colonel, to be sure," said John, grinning from ear to ear.

"The Colonel!" repeated Theresa: "do you mean Colonel Trevelyan, my guardian?"

"Ay, Miss, the guardsman as you calls him;" for John did not hear very distinctly. Theresa's heart began to beat with awe and anxiety. "And has Miss Trevelyan seen him?" she inquired.

"Seen him! why, Lord bless you, she has been in such a taking, crying, and sobbing, for all the world as if she was sorry he was come back; but she is pacified now, and they are together on the settee in the parlour, talking about everything."

Theresa entered the house, and stepping softly past the door of the drawing-room, bounded up the stairs to her own apartment,

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where she anxiously watched and listened, expecting every minute to be sent for; but a full hour passed and no summons came. Theresa did not like neglect any better than her neighbours; and at last, growing mortified at being so totally disregarded, she determined on inquiring whether Miss Trevelyan had been informed of her return home. She therefore opened her door in order to go in search of John, but the sound of footsteps on the stairs made her instantly stop, as she had by this time worked herself up into such a state of nervous agitation at the prospect of the much-longed-for, yet dreaded, meeting with her guardian, that she was terrified at the idea of falling in with him unawares.

The footsteps advanced—and Miss Trevelyan appeared. "Oh! there you are," said she to Theresa, "I was coming in search of you, for Frederick is anxious to be made acquainted with his adopted daughter."

Theresa flew up to her friend, giving her

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a kind kiss of congratulation on her brother's safe return. Miss Trevelyan's cheek was still wet with tears, her whole frame still shook with emotion. "We had almost forgotten you," said she, smiling, as she drew Theresa's arm within her's. "We have had so much to say to each other, so many painful subjects to revert to; but that is all over now, and I trust nothing but comfort and happiness is in store for us all." And again Miss Trevelyan pressed Theresa's hand, as if wishing to identify her with the pleasurable feelings of the moment.

They had by this time reached the door of the drawing-room, when Theresa involuntarily fell back. "This is very awful," said she, drawing a long breath and shrinking behind her friend. Colonel Trevelyan had walked towards the door to greet his ward, and was familiarly approaching her, when on seeing Theresa, he also stopped short. In the hurry and agitation of the meeting between the brother and sister, after a separation of so many

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years, Theresa had, as Miss Trevelyan confessed, been scarcely thought of or mentioned, and in consequence of Colonel Howard always designating her as "*the child*," Colonel Trevelyan had, like his sister, (previously to their first interview at Miss Birch's,) pictured to himself a raw, uncouth school-girl. Startled at now beholding so very different an object, his hand, which had been protectingly extended towards his adopted daughter, fell on beholding her, and he unconsciously drew back with feelings of awe and admiration. Theresa, on her part, was certainly not less surprised than her guardian, when, instead of a middle-aged person, like her father, whom she had expected to see, the rapid glance which she now took of the object before her, showed her a tall handsome military-looking man, apparently not much past thirty.

> "On his bold visage, middle age
> Had slightly pressed its signet sage;
> Yet had not quenched the open truth,
> And fiery vehemence of youth."

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For a minute both the guardian and ward stood immoveable, as if equally at a loss how to accost each other, till Miss Trevelyan, with a playfulness of manner unusual to her, took her brother's hand, and placing Theresa's in it,

"Why, how shy and frightened you both look;" said she. "I see I must act as master of the ceremonies, and go through the regular forms of introduction, in order that you may begin your acquaintance."

Theresa's hand was kindly pressed by Colonel Trevelyan, but she drew it hastily away without even looking in his face, and continued during the remainder of that day unusually taciturn, appearing wholly occupied with her own thoughts, or her work, from which her eyes were scarcely ever withdrawn; while Colonel Trevelyan, on his part, taking advantage of their intent application, allowed his to wander in admiration over her beautifully carved features, the exquisite *contour* of her

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head, and the graceful long white throat which supported it.

On leaving the drawing-room at bed time, Miss Trevelyan followed Theresa to her own apartment, her kind heart prompting her to more than usual tenderness towards her young friend, in order to convince her that this new interest could not supersede that which had now for above a twelvemonth sweetened her existence; for, having observed Theresa's unusual abstraction, she feared she might have been visited by some such feelings.

"Well, Theresa," said she, "I hope you and my brother will soon become good friends, and that you will not continue to find him so awful as he appears to be at first sight."

Theresa smiled. "I must own I do feel afraid of him," said she; "and somehow, I am not so happy as when we were alone."

"Surely," replied Miss Trevelyan, "Frederick is not so very forbidding; his reception of his adopted daughter was most kind, and

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his expressions with regard to her, are, I assure you, not less so."

"Oh! yes," said Theresa, tears starting into her eyes—"but he is so unlike my father; so different from what I had expected—perhaps—in short—I am not enough in awe of him; for how can I feel the sort of deference which is, I suppose, due to a guardian, for one so young and so good-looking? But," continued she, after a moment's pause, "I dare say that in a day or two we shall be very good friends, and at all events, whatever effect Colonel Trevelyan's presence may have upon me, I rejoice at the happiness he has brought to my dear Treevy," and so saying, tenderly embracing her benefactress, she took leave of her for the night.

When the trio met at breakfast next day, much of the awkwardness of the preceding evening appeared to have already vanished. Miss Trevelyan was unusually cheerful, and their new inmate so very agreeable, that Theresa, in spite of herself, resumed her

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usual spirits, becoming insensibly at her ease with her guardian. And if he had before admired her downcast, blushing shyness, still more was his attention rivetted by the fascination of her dark eyes, which seemed by their sparkling intelligence to illuminate every object on which they rested.

But while each succeeding day now appeared but to encrease Colonel Trevelyan's admiration for his ward, and her evident satisfaction in his society, his manner towards her became gradually more distant and embarrassed, as if he had caught the infection of that awe which she was now rapidly exchanging for friendly familiarity. Colonel Trevelyan, like his sister, was naturally of a grave, retiring disposition, and the delicate health from which he at present suffered, in consequence of a severe wound received while serving in India, had added a peculiar air of languor to his person and manners. But the keen glance of his commanding eye, and the

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determined expression of his close-shut lips, showed there was no lack of energy in his character; while his conversation, although particularly easy and unpretending, proved him to possess a highly cultivated mind.

About a week after his arrival at Richmond, Colonel Trevelyan, who had been entrusted by his late friend Howard with a small packet for a certain Sir Henry Williams, set out in search of the latter, in order to deliver up his charge, as he found that he resided at no great distance in the village of Twickenham. Trevelyan soon reached the designated house, and introducing himself as Colonel Howard's friend, met with a most kind reception both from Sir Henry and Lady Williams, with whom he soon found himself on an easy footing of intimacy, for Sir Henry was one of those frank, open-hearted beings with whom it was impossible for the most formal not to relax, even without such an additional recommendation as being a friend's friend.

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During the visit, Trevelyan was more than once on the point of naming Theresa, but as Sir Henry never even alluded to her, and to his surprise appeared as if ignorant even of her existence, he did not like to bring her forward until she could herself propitiate him in her favour by her peculiarly attractive appearance, for Trevelyan had learned from his sister how strongly Lord Launceston had expressed himself with regard to the poor deserted orphan, even taking Miss Trevelyan to task for befriending her, and he thought it not impossible that others might view her in the same obnoxious light.

When Trevelyan rose to depart, Sir Henry, shaking him heartily by the hand said, "Where are you to be found, my dear sir, that I may do myself the pleasure of calling upon you?"

"With my sister at Richmond," said he, "where I hope to see you; and I am sure," he added, turning to Lady Williams, "Miss

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Trevelyan will be delighted to make your ladyship's acquaintance."

Both Lady Williams and her husband looked embarrassed—they made no direct reply—but rather hastening than opposing Trevelyan's departure, Sir Henry accompanied him out of the room, saying, "Oh! yes, yes, *I* shall certainly come and pay my respects to you very soon, and I am sure I shall have every reason to be grateful to our poor friend Howard for having procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance."

A few days after this the promised visit was paid, and Sir Henry, on giving his name, was immediately ushered into the drawing-room by old John, too happy of an opportunity of showing off his long uncalled-for accomplishments as groom of the chambers. Theresa was alone in the apartment at the time, practising a new song, and although John had in due form named both her and her visitor on ushering him in, yet, her back being turned towards

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the door, she heard and saw nothing until Sir Henry had been a minute or two in the room and actually stood before her. She instantly started from her seat, a beautiful blush illumined her face, and making him a graceful curtsey she vanished out of the room.

The old soldier who, notwithstanding a head whitened with years and service, had still a quick eye for beauty, was so struck with this lovely apparition, that, even after Trevelyan had joined him, he was still haunted by it; and, as soon as the first salutations were over, he began with, "I fear I have put your young lady to flight, for I suppose the person whom I found in the room was—" and he stopped short, as if at a loss how to designate her.

"Miss Howard," said Trevelyan, and he felt his colour, though he hardly knew why, mount in his face on naming her.

"Oh! that's what you call her," rejoined Sir Henry. "I have heard of her before; 'faith, she is a beautiful girl, and sings like

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a nightingale, for as she did not hear me come in, I ventured to stand a minute or two listening to her." Then, after a moment's pause and seeming reflection, while evidently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, Sir Henry added, "Lady Williams and I shall be too happy, at all times, to see *you* at our house; but, as for Miss Trevelyan, you must be aware,"—and he again stopped, apparently not very well knowing how to proceed.

"Oh, no apologies, my dear Sir Henry," said Trevelyan smiling, for he thought there might have been some little foolish punctilios between the ladies, as to which was to call first: "I am quite aware, I assure you, of my sister's retiring habits and manners, the circumstances of her early life having naturally led her to shun rather than seek society."

"Oh, yes, I know all that, and it is very proper—very proper," said Sir Henry, interrupting him. "No one can, I am sure, but commend Miss Trevelyan's conduct in that respect."

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"Why, indeed, I do not," said Trevelyan, again smiling at Sir Henry's quick manner of settling the business; "on the contrary, I cannot help lamenting both on Miss Howard's account and my sister's, that she should have taken so unfortunate—"

"Ay, ay, that he should have taken the girl to live with her; there I quite agree with you; and, surely, my dear sir, between friends, was it not rather strange and ill-judged in Miss Trevelyan to bring her forward?"

"Indeed, Sir Henry," said Trevelyan, not a little astonished at this remark, "I must again beg leave to differ from you, for, I must confess, I cannot see my sister's conduct in that light; my notions on such matters may be different from those of many, and of course it was not what Howard ever could have asked himself, nor should I, perhaps, ever have proposed such a thing to my sister, although I know her to be one of the kindest of beings."

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"It was carrying her *kindness*, as you call it, rather *far*," said Sir Henry, again eagerly interrupting him; "and, if I had been you, I never would have allowed Miss Trevelyan to have had any thing to do with the girl ostensibly: calling her Howard, too, marks the thing so much: why, on the whole, I am not sure whether it would not have been better to have given her the name of Trevelyan, and let the world suppose she was your daughter; though, to be sure," added Sir Henry laughing, "you would have been rather a young papa."

"And it would, surely, have been an extraordinary stretch of friendship," replied Trevelyan, "sacrificing my own reputation to screen my friend's; although I do not, perhaps, quite enter into your very strict notions on such subjects, and I must say," he continued, warmly, "the world in general does not consider persons in Miss Howard's situation as reflecting the degree of disgrace upon those

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who may be called upon to befriend them which it seems you do."

Sir Henry smiling, said, "Well, well, we won't discuss the matter, for it certainly is one of too delicate a nature even for a friend's interference, and I am sure you will believe I did not mean any way to hurt your feelings."

A pause ensued, both parties seeming a little disconcerted; at last Sir Henry, whose mind still ran upon the beautiful vision he had seen on first entering the room, said, "Miss Howard is not at all like her poor father."

"No," said Trevelyan, "I believe it is her mother whom she resembles."

"I am no judge," replied Sir Henry, with some astonishment in his manner. "I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing her."

"Yet!" repeated Trevelyan, "why her mother has been dead these many years; died, I believe, very soon after her birth."

Sir Henry stared. "The circumstances of

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that part of our friend Howard's life," continued Trevelyan, "seemed too painful to him to dwell upon, and when on his death-bed he bequeathed his daughter to my care, all he told me of her story was, that her mother was an Italian of good family, not even divulging her name."

"Miss Howard's mother an Italian!" repeated Sir Henry, with the bewildered look of one waking out of a dream. "Are you quite sure?"

"Certainly I am," said Trevelyan, equally astonished at this question; "there could have been no reason why Howard should deceive me on that point, and particularly at such a moment."

Sir Henry stared at him for a minute, and then burst into immoderate laughter. Trevelyan positively thought his new friend must have been seized with a fit of madness, nor had he for some time any better opinion of his sanity, when, by the broken expressions which

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escaped from him, it appeared that he had supposed Miss Trevelyan to be the mother of a girl whose father she had never even set eyes on.

An *eclaircissement* now soon took place, and, however disposed to anger at the abominable story thus propagated to his sister's disadvantage, there was something so particularly ridiculous to Trevelyan in the whole affair, when he considered its impossibility in every way, that he could not help himself joining in his companion's laugh; but when the merriment occasioned by this well-concocted tale of scandal had subsided, and Trevelyan's naturally angry feelings at the insult offered to his sister returned, even then, he hardly knew on whom he could vent his indignation, as it was very evident that the whole story was the fabrication of her next-door female neighbours and their card-playing coterie; and that there was therefore no one from whom he could well demand satisfaction.

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It was in consequence agreed upon between the friends, that the less noise made about the matter the better, as there was no doubt that the absurd accusation and the prejudice which it had naturally excited against Miss Trevelyan, would die away now that Sir Henry was empowered to contradict the falsehood, but that, as a first step towards its destruction, Lady Williams should immediately call upon Miss Trevelyan. Trevelyan thought it best to say nothing about this foolish affair to his sister, but merely to inform her of Lady Williams's intended visit, and of his wish that she should meet her advances of civility with every mark of good-will on her part; for, Sir Henry having been a particular friend of Colonel Howard's, he and Lady Williams might in consequence prove most desirable acquaintances for Theresa.

The very next day the promised visit was made, and Miss Trevelyan's natural goodness of heart gave to her reception of her new visiters

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that degree of courtesy, which, owing to long habits of seclusion and her great dislike to presenting herself before strangers, her manners generally wanted. Theresa's eyes sparkled with satisfaction when receiving marks of kindness from her father's friend; and as Trevelyan watched those speaking eyes, and witnessed Sir Henry and Lady Williams's very evident admiration of his young charge, he felt his heart overflow with such universal love and goodwill, that he almost wondered from what cause such a sudden fondness for all his fellow-creatures could have proceeded. For still, self-deceived by their relative situation of guardian and ward, he did not seek for the explanation of his philanthropy in that passion which warms the heart to all around.

It so happened that Lady Williams was acquainted with the Honourable Mrs. Hopkins (that next door inhabitant of Paragon Row, whose ears and eyes were so disagreeably contaminated by their proximity), and, on leaving

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Miss Trevelyan, she purposely called upon her. On entering, Lady Williams found a conclave sitting on the business of her visit to the proscribed tenant of No. 1; for, her carriage having been seen for some time waiting at her door, the alarm had soon spread in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Hopkins's drawing-room was in consequence filled with morning visiters, who from the veranda had been actively employed during the last half hour watching with intense curiosity the friendly intercourse and shaking of hands, which had been going on in the adjoining garden.

Lady Williams's unexpected announcement produced an instantaneous silence—all looked at her with the horror with which they might have beheld one issuing from a pest-house—and when on allusion being made to her visit to Miss Trevelyan, she proclaimed the mistake of the whole neighbourhood with regard to her character, declaring her spotless fame and virgin purity to be beyond the shadow of

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doubt, and moreover affirmed that the supposed parents of the poor Theresa were total strangers to each other, the disappointment and consternation were general. Miss Trevelyan's affronting rejection of all advances of civility had marked her out as an object of dislike and animadversion; and her being cleared from the charge of frailty, therefore, far from restoring her to the favour of her neighbours, only added to their ill-will by proving to them its injustice; they therefore never rested until they had fixed upon another cause for accusation, and consequently with one accord they fell back upon the second clause in their indictment against her, namely, that of Methodism, and from this time directed all their attacks against saints and hypocrites.

But when this wise and charitable declaration of war against Miss Trevelyan was agreed upon by her neighbours, they had not, with all their vigilance, discovered that the

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tall, handsome, military-looking person, who had that morning been seen in the garden below the house, was not only her brother, but likely to become a fixed resident at Richmond. When this fact was ascertained past all doubt by Betty, Mrs. Hopkins's maid, great were the lamentations which followed. How peculiarly vexatious that all this should have happened! and in a neighbourhood, too, where handsome single men and next heirs but one to a peerage were not only *not* plenty, but had actually, from their scarcity, become mere dreams of the imagination with all the desolate spinsters of the place.

To poor Mrs. Hopkins Colonel Trevelyan's useless vicinity was peculiarly tantalizing, as the daily sight of him constantly reminded her of her deprivation; and she was made fully sensible of her extreme ill luck, when, a few days after his arrival, she gave an entertainment to her Richmond friends. A full fortnight had been employed in the composition

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of the party and collecting her beaux; and yet, notwithstanding all her labours, the show of gentlemen on the appointed day consisted of the curate, who, however, was a capital whist-player, the apothecary, and a gouty old admiral. In vain, while attempting to arrange her guests at dinner, did she call upon these three gentlemen to divide her nine ladies; the thing was not to be accomplished by any rule of arithmetic! and poor Mrs. Hopkins's imagination again wandered wistfully to the other side of the cruel partition-wall, which separated her parlour from that of her next neighbour's.

Nor was her regret at the absence of the handsome Colonel diminished, when, in disposing of her company in the evening, she was obliged to surround the loo-table with an unbroken row of caps and petticoats, and when, after compelling her tribe of young ladies each in their turn to play a waltz, to which no one listened, and no one *could* dance, for lack of partners, she at last saw them reduced

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to the melancholy resource of contending for a needle-book at a pool of commerce; that endless variety of annuals and keepsakes not having yet appeared in the world, which have since proved such a blessing to givers of, and attendants at, country tea-parties.

The longest evening, as well as day, will have an end, and this one ended like all its predecessors; but it did not leave the Honourable Mrs. Hopkins in the most complacent of humours, and in consequence, the Trevelyan family became, as usual in such cases, the object of attack.—"I presume Colonel Trevelyan intends to be as fine and exclusive as his sister?" said she to her two remaining visiters, who were waiting for the return of the fly to take them home. "They condescend, however, it seems, to be acquainted with the Williamses, at Twickenham, though I don't know *who* or *what* they are to be selected for that honour. Lady Williams was vastly consequential about her new friends the other

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morning, and seemed to fancy it was to make a prodigious difference to *us*, Miss Trevelyan turning out to be an honest woman—I am very glad for her sake she is so; but really as to calling upon her again in consequence, which was evidently the drift of Lady Williams's visit to me—*that* I certainly shall not do; poor dear Mr. Hopkins (Lord Ladbrook's first cousin, you know) used to say it was the duty of all persons to consider what was due to themselves, and I think I paid Miss Trevelyan sufficient compliment by leaving my name with her when she first came here; for it is not on everybody I *do* call, and I really cannot demean myself so far as again to make advances to her, because, forsooth! it now suits her convenience to be acquainted in the neighbourhood; for, of course, all this stir is because they want that girl to be asked about, and because she is afraid her brother will find it dull, as well he may—but I can't help that. If poor dear Mr. Hopkins

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was alive, perhaps I might have prevailed upon him to call upon Colonel Trevelyan, notwithstanding all that has passed; but as it is, he must just take his chance."

"Certainly! (said her friend, Miss Brown,) and it is really perfectly ridiculous the fuss and bother these Trevelyans are always making among us, as if they were of such excessive consequence; and after all, who are they?"

"Ay, who are they?" repeated Mrs. Hopkins, a smile of satisfaction brightening up a brow on which care had evidently sat during the last six hours.

And with that comforting reflection on their neighbour's insignificance, the friends parted—Mrs. Hopkins retiring to her widowed couch to dream of side-dishes, single gentlemen, trumps, and tea-cups.

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CHAPTER IV.

Oh then 's the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all 's so calm below, above,
In Heaven and o'er the sea:
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles
And Echo sings again,
So sweet that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.

MOORE.

WHILE all this was passing at Mrs. Hopkins's, the party, next door, in blissful ignorance of their unpopularity, were enjoying a degree of happiness seldom permanent in this world. Miss Trevelyan, no longer left to her melancholy reflections, but surrounded by the innocent interests of life, seemed to have

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entered on a new existence, and was in consequence positively cheerful. Her brother, on his part, dreamed away the hours in that almost unearthly state of felicity, occasioned by the first gleam of a violent passion on the soul; when before we acknowledge it to ourselves no questions are asked as to a possible return, no views are taken into a doubtful future, and there is no wish but to enjoy the present intoxicating happiness which it imparts. Colonel Trevelyan had often before admired beauty—he had often experienced those passing interests which amuse the first youth of every man, but none of those fancies of the imagination had proved themselves to be more than fancies, and he was not therefore aware of his present danger, until entangled beyond all power of extricating himself. He still called Theresa his *ward*, his *friend's daughter*, and, presuming upon that apologetical connexion, he fearlessly gave way to the strong interest with which she inspired him; while Theresa,

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on her part, appeared to have no wish, no object in life, but to please her kind benefactors. It seemed a gratification to her on all occasions to seek Colonel Trevelyan's advice and approbation, as she would have done that of her father, expressing in the warmest terms her deep sense of her obligations to him. And his heart at times thrilled with pleasure at such proofs of her confiding affection, although at others he could have almost wished her less open, less at her ease, and hardly knew how to meet the artless familiarity of her manner.

Happiness was peculiarly suited to the display of Theresa's character; for, uninfluenced as she was by any sense of duty, and solely governed by the feelings of the moment, this total want of directing principle might, under less favourable circumstances, have betrayed itself. But, as Trevelyan now saw her, her mind appeared in perfect harmony with her lovely person; all was soft, smiling, pure, and

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bright; her temper was tried by no unkindness; she was exposed to no mortifying neglect; each succeeding day was prosperous as the last, "and still more blessed," and her only task in life seemed to be freely to enjoy the happiness bestowed upon her, and to love those who promoted it.

The addition of Colonel Trevelyan to their party necessarily, in various ways, changed his sister's mode of life, and thereby added to Theresa's enjoyments, as he promoted many an amusement which had hitherto been entirely out of the question. Instead of being reduced to the dull companionship of Humphries for air and exercise, she now took long walks and rides with her guardian. When she went out to sketch, he was her constant companion. When a wet day confined them to the house, he read to her by the hour, while she finished her drawings, or he accompanied her when she required a second in her songs.

And all this Miss Trevelyan, in the unsus-

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pecting innocence of her heart, herself encouraged, fearing that her brother might find his present life dull, and that she should in consequence lose the society of one who added so much not only to her own enjoyment, but to that of the being to whom she was daily becoming more attached. Had dullness been the worst evil to which Trevelyan was then exposed, it would have been well, but all these domestic habits of life were peculiarly dangerous to a person of his disposition, when his only companions were a most indulgent and often abstracted elderly sister, and a lovely girl of seventeen: for what sort of intercourse can be so ensnaring as that into which we are drawn by a life of such total retirement, that one object alone necessarily fills up the existence? What species of intimacy is so irresistible as that formed over a pianoforte and music-books; when the songs together sung embody feelings to which the tongue in *propria persona* dares not give utterance, and

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the music serves as an excuse for the familiar interchange of looks and words which otherwise would not have been ventured upon? If our companions possess the acknowledged power of throwing a charm over the inanimate objects by which we are surrounded, in the same manner do outward adventitious circumstances assist the fascination to which, when young and ardent, we are but too well inclined to give way.

And no *locale*, perhaps, was ever better calculated for the encouragement of such romantic feelings, than that in which Trevelyan and Theresa were now thrown together. The glowing summer's evening, when the meadows and gardens were peopled with loitering groups of pedestrians, and the river covered with gaily-freighted boats; the occasional sounds of music mingling with the splash of the waterman's oar, and lulling the soul into a delicious dream, united to form a scene bearing in itself a character of sentiment, and pro-

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ducing that sunshine of the mind which seems for the moment to light up our existence with an unearthly glow.

Trevelyan's imagination thus powerfully worked upon, he willingly yielded to the strong fascination of one, whose character and person, undisguised by any of those artificial decorations necessary in the world, appeared in such lovely unison with all around.

On such evenings as those here described, the little wherry was regularly seen waiting for the happy trio at the gate of Miss Trevelyan's garden, and they wandered thus for hours on the lovely Thames, till, the boats having one by one disappeared, and the busy hum of men died away, all around was stilled into the most luxurious silence; then Theresa's voice, accompanied by her guitar, was heard to swell on the soft evening air, and as Trevelyan, leaning on his oar, gazed on the lovely living picture before him, he recklessly gave way to the enchantment of the moment.

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On a delightful afternoon in the month of July 1800, the same aquatic show which had a year before made so melancholy an impression upon Miss Trevelyan's mind came gliding down the stream, colouring the scenery with its brilliant flags and streamers. Theresa, who had from the garden spied its approach, flew to inform her two companions, and to entreat they might follow it; a boat was in consequence immediately sent for, and they were soon in pursuit of the gay flotilla.

The scene could not fail to recall to one, whose mind was so prone to reflection as Miss Trevelyan's, the feelings with which she had last beheld it from her then lonely dwelling, when it had so powerfully struck her as a representation of her own life; and, as her pious heart swelled with gratitude on comparing the melancholy of her former solitary existence with her present happiness, tears stole softly down her cheek, and she sat lost in thought, scarcely heeding her companions, or noticed by

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them: for Theresa was entirely engrossed by the gay spectacle before her, urging Trevelyan to use every exertion to overtake the little fleet, while he was as intently watching her animated countenance and sparkling eyes, as she endeavoured to quicken every stroke of his oar by her encouragement. At last they overtook the barges, and, carried on almost insensibly by the stream, they accompanied the crowd of boats far down the river, until discovering the lateness of the hour, Miss Trevelyan warned them to think of their return.

The sun had now long set, the breeze which had before cooled the air had died away, and when they at last turned towards home, the tide, then strong against them, made their progress so slow and so laborious, that, before long, Trevelyan, exhausted by his exertions, was obliged to shove the boat towards the shore, and, securing it with his oars, to lean upon them for rest.

"I am afraid you are quite knocked up,"

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said Theresa, "and I wish I could help you; but I suspect my whole strength would do little against such a stream: I will instead sing to you your favourite song of the Evening Bells, for you have really earned a reward, and I fear you have still at least two miles to pull."

Every sound was hushed; the world seemed left "to darkness and to them;" and the music, the voice, the words, the scene, were all in delicious harmony—

> "Those evening bells, those evening bells,
> How many a tale their music tells,
> Of youth and hope, and that sweet time,
> When first I heard their soothing chime!"

Theresa was still singing this stanza, when, on a sudden, the regular splash of oars broke the stillness of all around, and soon, through the twilight, there appeared one of those long funny-club wherries, well known to all who live on the banks of the Thames, and which, manned by ten or twelve amateur-watermen,

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seemed like a spear to cut through the water. The party came swiftly and gaily on, all talking and laughing, while their many oars striking the water at the same moment overcame every other sound.

Theresa, totally unheeding them, and engrossed by her music, continued to sing. On a sudden, one of the rowers called out, "Stop! —stop!—hush!—music!—by Heavens 'tis woman's voice, most exquisitely sweet!"

"Oh, nonsense," answered another. "It is only some common ballad-singer; come, pull on, for we shall be too late for the Opera."

"Hang the Opera," replied the first speaker. "No other music can equal that which I now hear; for Heaven's sake, hush!"

Again there was a dead silence, all resting on their oars. Theresa, through the sounds of her own voice and the guitar, had heard but little of this conversation, and continued her serenade wandering from one air to another; but Trevelyan, not choosing that any

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one else should enjoy that which had been intended for himself alone, and in consequent jealous displeasure at the intruding attention of the amateur-boatmen, again slipped his oars into the water, and, pushing from the shore, proceeded homewards.

An animated conversation was immediately commenced in an under-tone among the Funny-club boatmen, and Trevelyan, not half pleased with the occurrence, although he did not exactly know why, redoubled his speed to get from them, but before long the same full splash was heard not far distant, and to his vexation he perceived that the boat had altered its course and was following them.

Theresa now observed that they were pursued, and, amused as any girl might have been at the circumstance, said, exultingly to Miss Trevelyan: "Well, at last we have fallen in with people of taste; it is the first time I have had this compliment paid to my music." Then, encouraged by the increasing darkness, she, before Miss Trevelyan had replied, or,

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indeed, knew very well to what she alluded, swept her hand over the strings of the guitar, and began a wild Neapolitan Barcarola.

Roused at length from her reverie, Miss Trevelyan looked towards the pursuing boat, and, being now fully aware of what was passing, she was not less discomposed than her brother, on finding that they were at so late an hour the object of attraction to a party of young men who were at the moment evidently much elevated in spirits. She therefore gently laid her hand on Theresa's, and bade her desist.

"Why! what is the matter?" exclaimed Theresa.

"Nothing," replied Miss Trevelyan, in a low voice. "Only we need not any longer entice those gentlemen out of their way."

"Oh! that is their affair," said Theresa, gaily, "if they think my music worth the trouble, I am sure they are very welcome to it;" and she carelessly struck some notes on her instrument.

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Miss Trevelyan again took hold of her hand. "Really, Treevy," said Theresa, in a tone of expostulation, "I do not see what harm they do us; and surely I can be doing none either, by merely serenading them, when they seem so fond of music, and when, from the darkness, it is impossible they can ascertain who is singing, for I may say, like Juliet to Romeo,

'Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.'"

During this little altercation between his two companions, Trevelyan, who grew every moment more and more discomposed, forgetting his fatigue, redoubled his speed, fighting against the stream with an energy which love, or, perhaps, more properly, jealousy, could at that moment alone have given him; but the faster he went, the faster the boat, like a phantom, flew after him, and did not give up the chase, until they had passed the bridge,

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and were within fifty yards of the landing-place.

Another altercation then apparently took place between the boat's crew. As they all talked at once, Trevelyan could not make out the particular point then in debate; but the words "nonsense!"—"what a strange fancy!" and the name of *Leslie*, often repeated, caught his ear; and when at last this hubbub ceased, the boat, to his infinite satisfaction, was again turned towards London, and soon after disappeared.

But as it left them he saw, through the deepening twilight, a tall, white figure standing above the rest, and a handkerchief waved, as if in farewell. Theresa, who had been excessively amused by this little adventure, seemed rather surprised that her guardian was not equally so; and, for the first time, was half inclined to consider him as unjust and severe for condemning, as he did, the conduct of the musical waterman as impertinent,

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and the point was pretty warmly argued between them on leaving the boat.

Theresa, who was not much used to contradiction from any one, and still less from Trevelyan, immediately on rejoining his sister in the house, applied to her as umpire. "Surely, Treevy," said she, "you will not be so severe as my guardian, and condemn these poor gentlemen, merely for having gone a few yards out of their course to listen to music."

"If they were gentlemen," said Miss Trevelyan, "I do condemn them, as they must have seen Frederick did not like their pursuit; if they were merely London shopkeepers, which I suspect, then one can't expect them to know better, as they would probably mistake their impertinence for gallantry."

"Oh, I am *sure* they were *gentlemen*," said Theresa eagerly; "shopkeepers would never have had so much taste: at all events I hope, whoever they are, they will not be punished

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for their impertinence by being too late for the Opera, and even you, I am sure, would not be so cruel as to wish that," added she, smiling archly in her guardian's face. He made no reply, and there the matter ended.

Early next morning Trevelyan was obliged to go to London on business, not of his own, but of Colonel Howard's, or, rather, of Theresa's; for, owing to the illness of his confidential solicitor, he had never yet been able to look into his friend's affairs. He found, on examining his papers, that he bequeathed to his only child, Theresa Howard, fifteen thousand pounds, in short, nearly every thing he possessed, a sum far exceeding Trevelyan's expectations for her. In the codicil to his will, dated a week before his death, Colonel Howard directed that his daughter should not marry until she was eighteen, when she was to be considered as of age with regard to her property, but that even then, she was to form no matrimonial alliance without the full

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consent and approbation of her guardian, Colonel Frederick Trevelyan.

Trevelyan started when those words met his eyes, and he read the sentence several times over, although hardly forming a clear idea to himself why this injunction so particularly, indeed so painfully, attracted his attention; but so it did, leaving a disagreeable though vague impression on his mind, which he was unable to shake off; and his spirits or his temper, or whatever it was that had been affected by these details of law, did not improve on finding that, from some legal forms and difficulties which he had not anticipated, it became absolutely necessary that he should remain for some days longer in town. The bright smile with which Theresa welcomed him, on his return home, fully made up to him, however, for all his previous vexation.

"We have been quite in a fuss about you," said she, as she kindly went up to him, "and

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we have been so dull, for Treevy would not let me go on with our book, as she said it would not be fair upon you; and really the evenings appeared so very long, that even I was ready to go to bed. Oh! but I must tell you," she added, laughing, "I have charmed another boatman! for we went yesterday evening—as you know we had promised to do, by water to Twickenham, to fetch Sir Henry and Lady Williams, who insisted on having some music; and soon after I began to sing, a boat with a gentleman and a most beautiful Newfoundland dog appeared, as Sir Henry said in chase, following us the whole time, and I am *quite* sure this admirer of my singing was a *gentleman*, whatever our friends of the Funny-club wherry were: so I really begin to think that the inhabitants of Richmond are not quite so dull a set as I had imagined."

This newly discovered musical turn among the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood did not appear to be matter of so much re-

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joicing to Trevelyan as to his ward; but, ashamed of his jealous wish to monopolize Theresa's talent to himself, and at all events ashamed that she should discover it, he turned the matter off as a good joke, and no more was then said upon the subject.

But, from that time, scarcely an evening did he and his two companions take their usual lounge on the river, but the little skiff with the handsome young man and the large Newfoundland dog appeared; and yet, although their boat was evidently the object of attraction, the unknown waterman so contrived to cross the stream to and fro, at one moment darting off in a totally opposite direction, at another, as if by mere accident or awkwardness, crossing their track, and entangling his oars with their's; that it became equally impossible to elude or to resent his attendance.

All this time no notice was taken either by Theresa or her guardian of this new aquatic knight-errant, perhaps in consequence of their

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former little quarrel on the subject; but before long the latter began to fancy he could detect a conscious blush on his ward's face whenever he joined them, as if she was aware of being the object which attracted him, and that her eyes wandered anxiously around on those evenings when he did not appear. Trevelyan often longed to put a stop to her singing, but, without more positive reasons than he could allege, he felt that such a prohibition would seem most arbitrary and capricious, when he had hitherto himself been the first to encourage her music as so delightful an addition to their evening excursions; but he ceased entirely to apply for his favourite songs; he never, as formerly, intreated to have them again and again repeated; often discovered that it was cold or threatened rain, when scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and heartily rejoiced when the shortened days and consequent change of weather necessarily terminated their customary, and once so delightful aquatic expeditions.

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CHAPTER V.

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills *indeed*,
Dispatches at a blow.

FIRST LOVE.

THUS passed the summer, and with it seemed to disappear the unknown waterman and his dog. Towards the end of autumn, Lord Launceston, who, since his nephew's return from India, had made great advances of civility towards him, wrote to propose that he and Miss Trevelyan should come and pay him a visit in Cornwall, where he promised they should meet with that cordial reception, both from himself and his daughter, which their near relationship gave them a right to

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expect, and the Colonel, in addition, would find most excellent shooting, as few could boast of such capital moors and such an abundance of game as himself.

To this letter of Lord Launceston's was subjoined a pretty pink note from Lady Augusta to her cousin, containing the like pressing invitation; but Theresa was not named by either the father or daughter. The matter was of course fully discussed between Colonel Trevelyan and his sister. The latter was particularly anxious that these friendly advances on the part of their relatives should be met by equal cordiality on theirs; but still, with regard to herself, feeling quite unequal to the exertion of a visit to Trevelyan Castle, and Theresa not being included in the invitation, she at last decided on making her excuses, alleging as her reasons recent indisposition, and not liking to be long absent from home on account of her young charge.

"But," added she, "really Frederick you

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should go, and, indeed, I think a little variety of society and occupation will be good both for your mind and body, for I must confess the life you lead here must be dull enough."

Trevelyan could not help smiling at his supposed dulness; he in theory quite agreed with his sister with regard to the propriety of showing all willingness to meet their uncle's advances of kindness, and thus putting an end to the unfortunate estrangement which had so long existed between them; but, in practice, he in truth felt no greater inclination to visit his relations and the partridges than Miss Trevelyan: however, as he hardly acknowledged to himself his true reasons for objecting to the proposed absence from Richmond, he could not urge them to his sister, still less name them to his uncle as an excuse for declining his friendly offers; therefore, after many doubts, and much discussion on the subject, he was obliged, however reluctantly, to express his thanks to his uncle,

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and his readiness to obey his kind summons in ten days.

It is to be feared that, when writing this necessary falsehood, many a murmur trembled on his lips at being thus obliged to forego the society of one whose power over his heart was every day encreasing, for that of relations towards whom he did not feel particularly attracted, and that he heartily wished all the poor hares and pheasants had been safely lodged in his satanic majesty's larder instead of being held out as irresistible temptations to Trevelyan Castle during the shooting season.

Previously to his departure from Richmond, Trevelyan found it necessary again to pass a day in town with Colonel Howard's lawyers for the final arrangement of his daughter's affairs. He had as yet never mentioned the subject to her, but, the legal part of the business being now concluded, he determined on informing Theresa of her father's liberal

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settlements in her behalf, and of the degree of authority which, by the wishes of that father, he, as his representative, was to claim over her actions. Accordingly, finding himself alone with her the morning after his return to Richmond, he, with a beating heart, gave his ward a detailed account of her worldly prospects.

Even when listening to these details, Theresa was scarcely sensible of the full extent of her father's munificence towards her, being little aware of the value of such worldly possessions; but the kindness which must have prompted such generosity was easily to be understood by one gifted with such liveliness of feeling, and her silent but eloquent tears expressed the gratitude of her heart for such proofs of affection in her deceased parent.

Trevelyan then continued. "I need not tell you that your father's relations are not favourably inclined towards you, for that you know already; and this disposition of his property

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chiefly in your favour has not certainly tended to soften their feelings: during all this business I have of course been brought in contact with Colonel Howard's nephew, and we had several conversations relative to you, but I am sorry to say the result has been a conviction on my part that we must hope for no change of sentiment either in him or his family. But, thank Heaven! you are independent of their kindness in one way, and, I trust, the *permanent* home which I am empowered by my sister to offer you under her roof will in some measure compensate for the want of generosity in your more natural connexions."

Trevelyan paused—gazing in compassion on his agitated auditor, for, during this part of his discourse, Theresa's colour had varied from white to crimson, and she had bit her lips, as if to restrain the tears of wounded pride, which forced themselves into her eyes. But, notwithstanding all her efforts, the large drops

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followed each other down her cheeks, as she sat immoveable listening to his narrative, and evidently too much overpowered by various contending feelings to venture to speak.

"I have one thing more to say," continued Trevelyan, with much emotion; "by your father's will, you are to be considered of age upon attaining your eighteenth year, which you will do, I find, next April,—that is to say, you are then to be mistress of your fortune, but not even then entirely released from my authority with regard to your actions, for—" and he drew a long breath in order to secure the power of reaching the end of his sentence—"for you must not marry without my full consent."

Theresa, smiling through her tears, looked up into her guardian's face, and holding out her hand to him, "I hope," said she, "you will not find me inclined to be very rebellious to your wishes on that or any other point."

Trevelyan's whole frame trembled with emo-

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tion — these words had roused his secret from the very bottom of his heart — the precious gift of her hand, which Theresa seemed thus voluntarily to make him, caused his every sense to swim in a confusion of hope and delight, and, before he knew what he was about, tenderly pressing that hand between both of his, "O Theresa!" said he, "I fear it will at any time go hard with me to be obliged to give up to another my present delegated right over your destiny, and to relinquish this dear hand to one, who can never, I am sure, prize it half so much as myself."

Theresa again looked at him, but blushing and embarrassed; her confusion seemed to recall him to his senses. "Do not speak to me," he continued in a hurried manner; "I ask, I wish for no answer — only to be allowed to think it possible — that, perhaps — at some future time you may — at all events, forgive me if, for a moment, I have so far forgotten myself as to have said — what I should not —

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what is nonsense—forget it all—and still look upon me as your guardian—your brother—your father even—in short, let me be to you whatever will inspire you with most confidence, most entire trust—and again forgive me."

"Forgive you!" said Theresa, with an innocent artlessness of look and manner quite peculiar to herself; "I am sure it is I who have to ask forgiveness of you, for not being half deserving of your and dear Treevy's goodness, for sitting here like a statue, without even attempting one word of thanks for kindness such as no poor outcast ever yet met with. But I really cannot—it is all too much for words—I can only hope my conduct may prove my gratitude,"—and again seizing her guardian's hand, she hid her agitated face in the back of the couch, upon which they were together seated. Was it wrong, if Trevelyan then ventured to draw her towards him, and to kiss the hand still clasped in his!

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Whether right or wrong, however, so it was—and Theresa appeared to have that entire reliance in her guardian, to love him with such a confiding sisterly affection, that these expressions of tenderness on his part neither surprised nor offended her. Perhaps, on reflection, Trevelyan would have been better pleased, had she appeared startled or even angry; but still he was too supremely happy at the moment to think of aught beyond it; and never did a guardian and ward part better friends, after a discussion of their reciprocal rights and obligations.

When they next met after this conversation, Theresa slightly blushed, as her eyes encountered Trevelyan's, but, that first moment of awkwardness once over, it seemed as if what had passed between them had produced no other effect upon her than that of increasing, if possible, her feelings of gratitude and affection towards her guardian and Miss Trevelyan, from whose lips she received the con-

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firmation of those kind offers previously made in her name.

There remained but one more day for Trevelyan to pass at Richmond before he was to set out for Cornwall, and, not wishing to lose any of Theresa's society, when on the eve of being entirely deprived of it, he proposed to her to walk with him to Twickenham, whither he was going to take leave of Sir Henry Williams. Theresa, delighted at the proposal, flew to Miss Trevelyan to obtain her permission to accept it, who, seeing in the connexion between her two companions nothing more than that of guardian and ward, unhesitatingly gave her consent to the *tête-à-tête* walk, and in consequence, Theresa and Trevelyan, accompanied by little Oscar, set off on their expedition, each in their different way with high anticipations of pleasure. We will, however, venture to say that Trevelyan's were the highest, as alone with Theresa, her

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arm linked within his, he felt his precious charge to be in a manner his own property.

They had not proceeded far beyond the bridge, when, an enormous Newfoundland dog rushing suddenly past them, knocked over poor little Oscar, and sent him rolling in the dust. Although nature had given him a diminutive person, and also no small share of that antipathy to bodily pain of which the great and little are equally sensible, yet Oscar had a mighty mind whenever the resentment of injuries called forth its powers, and, no sooner had he recovered his equilibrium than he flew in impotent rage on his unknown enemy, who with one touch of his gigantic paw pinned him to the ground, where he lay prostrate, yelling most piteously. Theresa, quick as lightning, darted forward to rescue the poor little animal, Trevelyan as quickly following her. At the same moment a horseman galloped up; he leaped from his saddle, and,

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seizing the dog by the collar, in an instant liberated the terrified prisoner.

Theresa, without even looking towards his deliverer, caught up Oscar in her arms, and was wholly occupied examining his supposed wounds, while Trevelyan, satisfied that he had received no material injury, turned good-humouredly towards the horseman to assure him no harm was done, and to express their thanks for his interference; but his feelings and countenance in an instant underwent a total change, for, to his infinite vexation, he immediately recognised in the person before him the unknown waterman who had, by his constant attendance, night after night, so annoyed him all the summer on the river. The gentlemen both bowed, and the horseman apologised for the uncivil behaviour of his four-footed companion, rejoicing that the little dog had not suffered in the unequal combat. While speaking, his eyes were fixed on Theresa with evident looks of admiration, and

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he seemed much disposed to prolong the parley, but Trevelyan, who was of a totally different mind, again hastily thanking him for his prompt assistance, coldly bowed, wishing him a good morning. This was a terrible broad hint, and the stranger did not attempt to conceal his vexation at being thus abruptly dismissed; but, as Trevelyan had then turned from him, he seemed to think it impossible to renew the conversation, and, gathering up the reins of his horse's bridle, he was preparing to remount, when Theresa, who had during all this time been entirely occupied examining and caressing Oscar, satisfied at length that he was unhurt, happened to look up. Her eyes encountered those of the stranger, and, instantly recognising the knight of the little skiff, she blushed deeply as she returned his salutation.

The whole of this transaction had occupied scarcely two minutes, but they had appeared as many hours to Trevelyan, who, hastily

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drawing Theresa's arm within his, and again making an inclination of the head to the stranger, walked on with his charge. They continued some little time in silence, but soon the galloping of the horse, and the barking of the large dog were again heard approaching, and Theresa, suddenly disengaging herself from her guardian, caught up Oscar in her arms. On reaching them the rider checked his speed, and pointing to a string which he had fastened to his dog's neck, assured Theresa that her little favourite was quite safe from further danger, as his antagonist was secured.

Theresa smiled, while Trevelyan, provoked at this renewal of intercourse, again formally bowed to the stranger, who, after another eager gaze at his lovely companion, putting spurs to his horse was soon out of sight.

"I wonder who that can be!" said Theresa, after a silence of some moments; "perhaps we might have seen his name on the dog's collar, for I saw a large brass plate upon it."

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"If you are so very anxious for information on the subject," said Trevelyan, dryly, "we can call the gentleman back, and ask himself, for he can only be flattered by Miss Howard's interest."

"Oh! my curiosity does not quite amount to that," said Theresa, somewhat pettishly; and they again walked on in silence, both more occupied with this little occurrence than either chose to confess—Theresa hardly owning to herself the fact, that she felt flattered by the stranger's evident wish to make her acquaintance, and Trevelyan not liking to acknowledge that this very obvious desire on his part was displeasing to him. To quarrel with Theresa was, however, not what Trevelyan was used to; besides, he felt he had been to blame in giving way to a degree of ill-humour, which she certainly had done nothing to deserve, and in his noble mind the sense of error could not long exist without prompting its confession.

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Taking, therefore, courage at last to break the unusual silence, which had for so many minutes existed between them, "Theresa," said he, "you must think me horribly cross to-day—and in truth I am so—everybody, and every thing annoys me—however, my feeling so particularly unpleasant to myself is no excuse for my being so to others, and least of all to you," said he, fixing his eyes fondly upon her, "so if I beg pardon, and promise to behave better all the rest of this day, will you generously forgive me?"

"Indeed," said she, laughing, "I am delighted to see my guardian can at times be even as naughty as his ward, and I suspect we are after all but quits—so let us be friends;" and as she spoke, she gently pressed the arm she had hold of.

Trevelyan's eyes glistened with delight, as he gazed on her radiant countenance; and yet a feeling of disappointment shot across his heart, at her *naïve* expression of kindness,

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for, thought he—and he was right—a young girl does not venture to press the arm of the man she loves, but it is thus a grateful sister speaks the affectionate feelings of her heart to a brother, in whom she implicitly confides. He drew a deep sigh, and after a few moments' pause, continued: "It is this expedition to Cornwall which has, I believe, put me so out of sorts, as I do not care one farthing about shooting, and I am very sure the society I shall find at Trevelyan Castle will not be half as agreeable to me as that which I shall leave behind."

"No?" said Theresa, smiling; "why you forget you will have the all-perfect Right Honourable Lady Augusta Trevelyan, who never says or does a wrong thing, instead of the thoughtless, ignoble ——." Theresa stopped short. "Instead of her whose very faults are dearer to me than all my cousin's perfection," replied Trevelyan, with vehemence.

Luckily for him they at this moment reached

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Sir Henry Williams's residence, the door of which he would probably have passed, had not Theresa checked his progress, for the prospect of his approaching separation from her had so moved his heart, that his thoughts and feelings were scarcely under control, and in another minute his secret would possibly have again escaped from him unawares. Sir Henry and Lady Williams were at home, and both joined in lamentations on hearing the purport of Trevelyan's visit.

"But we will take care of your ladies," said the good-humoured Baronet; "you have only to appoint me your deputy, and I will look after your ward during your absence, I promise you." Then, drawing Trevelyan aside, "Really! my dear Colonel," said he laughing, "I think my friend Howard must have been quite doting, when he could think of appointing *you* guardian to his daughter! a pretty sort of guardian, faith!" and he looked cunningly into Trevelyan's face, while he kindly patted

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him on the shoulder: "but make your mind easy, I promise you no one shall carry her off while you are away."

Trevelyan coloured to his very forehead, and yet could not help feeling half gratified by Sir Henry's raillery. It seemed almost to give a reality to his wishes, to embody his vague dreams of happiness. "Ay, ay, we will look after your ladies," continued his friend, "and I do not think they could do better than come and eat a family dinner with us while you are absent; I am sure your sister would be all the better for being a little routed from home, and if she persists in shutting herself up in this manner, why we must expect all the old ladies of Richmond again to begin their gossiping," and Sir Henry laughed heartily at the recollection of the former tale of scandal invented against her. "And as for poor Miss Howard," he continued, "surely you do not wish to lock her up entirely?"

"Quite the contrary," said Trevelyan; "I

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am particularly anxious that she should mix in society, and make herself friends; and I assure you no mark of kindness you feel disposed to show my young charge will be thrown away upon her."

"Nor on *you* either, my good friend," rejoined Sir Henry, again looking facetiously at him; "am I not right, hey! I have a sharp eye for such things—but cheer up," he added, perceiving his companion look a little grave, "faint heart never won fair lady, and you know none but the brave deserve the fair; so courage! and now, since it seems you must go," for he saw Trevelyan about to depart, "Good bye — take care of yourself! and make haste back to your post for fear of accidents while you are off guard."

Theresa, who had been engaged all this time in conversation with Lady Williams, and who in consequence had heard none of Sir Henry's remarks, again took her guardian's arm in artless ignorance of the favour she was

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conferring upon him; and meeting with no more knights-errant, or Newfoundland dogs, they and their friend Oscar reached home in safety.

When Trevelyan that night closed the pianoforte, after a delightful evening spent at Theresa's side listening to her voice, he renewed his lamentations at his departure. "Oh! but again remember your cousin, Lady Augusta, will sing and play to you," said Theresa; "for of course she has been taught to do every thing, and as you have the honour to be her near relation, and are consequently worthy of her notice, she will be prodigiously civil to you. As for poor me," continued Theresa, the colour mounting to her cheeks, and tears starting into her eyes, "who am nobody and nothing ——."

She was proceeding with her invectives, but Miss Trevelyan, playfully covering her mouth with her hand, stopped her, saying with a smile, "I can tell you what you are—

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a very saucy girl for laughing in this manner at my relations, and since Frederick has not the gallantry to defend Augusta, I must. I will allow she is a little cold in her manners at first, but I believe her to be a very sensible person and an excellent good daughter."

"Oh! I dare say she is very *good*," replied Theresa, "and that is the very reason why she is so disagreeable; indeed, I never can understand why there is such a fuss made about people being good, when after all nobody thinks them a bit the pleasanter for being so, but the contrary; and as for sense, that is only another word for dullness: in short, I know no one who contrives to be both good and pleasant but my dear Treevy," and so saying, throwing her arms round her friend's neck, she gave her a hearty embrace.

However little Theresa's levity might on reflection be approved of by Miss Trevelyan, she could not chide one who always disarmed her by the most irresistible expressions of af-

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fection; and as for Trevelyan, whose partial eyes saw only the bright side of Theresa's character, every trait that showed heart made his own overflow with such rapture, that he would scarcely allow even of the shadow of blame, and again more vehemently than before murmured at cruel fate for separating him from one, whose society became daily more necessary to his happiness.

Thrice did John the following morning come puffing up-stairs to inform Trevelyan that the chaise was quite ready, for so much time elapsed after each notification, without its being followed by his master's appearance, that clock-work punctual old John, judging by himself, and lamenting over the Colonel's premature deafness, thought he could not have heard him. At the third notice, which was in consequence made in a high-pitched tone, and close to Trevelyan's ear, he started up, and, after taking leave at least a dozen times, he at last departed, waving farewells from the chaise window as

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long as he could still catch a glimpse of the object of all his hopes, and even of the house which contained her.

Theresa could not but regret the loss of her guardian's society. She missed him in every occupation and amusement. In him she had lost a champion in all her little disputes with Treevy, and a companion in her walks and rides; and she was again reduced to the dull chaperonship of Humphries. This sad blank occasioned by his absence she so touchingly deplored in the cover of one of Miss Trevelyan's letters to her brother, that, encouraged by his wishes, and interpreting her expressions into something far beyond their real meaning, he fearlessly gave way to the most delightful anticipations for the future, and did not attempt to check those hopes which by indulgence were growing into certainties. The unknown waterman was in consequence entirely dismissed from his thoughts, and the only drawback to his present felicity was the necessity of still endur-

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ing three more weeks of exile at Trevelyan Castle.

About ten days after Trevelyan's departure from Richmond, the proposed dinner at Sir Henry Williams's took place. This being the very first time Theresa had ever dined out, she naturally raised her anticipations of pleasure high, and went in that flurry of expectation which the young ever feel on entering the world, until they have learned the sad truth that disappointment follows them even to a dinner-party. To Miss Trevelyan it was nearly as great an event as to her young companion; but her feelings were necessarily of a less pleasurable nature, and, had she allowed *self* to preponderate she would probably never have accepted Lady Williams's invitation; but her chastened mind viewed every circumstance of her life in the light of moral discipline, and, resolving for Theresa's sake to overcome the dislike to society, which the misfortune of her person had occasioned, she made up her mind

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to the mortification of her own situation, and, turning her whole attention to the indulgence of her young friend, abandoned even her toilette to her care, and set out on the expedition, determining to please by being herself pleased.

On their arrival at Sir Henry Williams's, they were shown into a room where several persons were collected, but where *darkness* was alone "*visible*," for it was now the beginning of October, that time of year when there is still a struggle between the seasons, and candles are deferred as long as possible, as indicating too positively the approach of winter; the apartment being, therefore, only lighted by the crimson cloud which reflected the sun's last ray, it was nearly impossible to distinguish the features of those assembled, particularly of the gentlemen, who stood at a little distance. Introductions of course took place, but the names of those presented, were as unknown to Miss Trevelyan and Theresa as their persons; among them, however, was one which imme-

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diately caught the ear of the latter, as she remembered to have heard it before, although she could not at once recollect when or where. It was Leslie, and it at last struck her that this was the very name which had been so often repeated by the disputing watermen, on the evening of the gay regatta, which evening had been rendered memorable to Theresa by her subsequent dispute with her guardian.

Dinner was before long announced, and one of the gentlemen offering Theresa his arm, she followed the rest of the company into the adjoining room, where chance placed her next but one to Lady Williams. The instant she got into the light, curiosity led her eagerly to look at her companion, but the examination of his features afforded no further insight as to his identity, not having ever seen them before, and she turned towards her other neighbour expecting the same unsatisfactory result. But at the very first glance she actually started on her seat, and with difficulty

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repressed an exclamation of surprise, for she immediately recognised the knight of the little skiff—Oscar's deliverer!

She blushed even more deeply than at their first meeting in the high road, and deeper still from the consciousness that he must have observed her heightened colour, as she had found his eyes fixed upon her. The sight of Theresa's lovely face, now brought to light by the glare of lamps and candles, did not appear, however, to occasion equal *surprise* to her neighbour, although, by the expression of his countenance, his satisfaction at having her placed next to him was very evident: he lost no time in claiming acquaintance with her, immediately referring to their former meeting on the high road, and the adventure of the little dog, as introductory subjects to further intimacy.

"Who can he be?" thought Theresa, "so good-looking, with so distinguished an appearance, and apparently an inhabitant of the place from our so frequently meeting him!"

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Her ears kept strict watch in order to catch her neighbour's name, and she did not remain long in suspense; for, Sir Henry having soon after occasion to attract the stranger's attention, he addressed him as Lord Herbert Leslie. At the name of Leslie she was again startled, and, following her first impulse, she turned hastily towards him, but as quickly averted her eyes, for to her no small embarrassment they again met his. "Lord Herbert Leslie!" she repeated to herself: "can he possibly, by some odd chance, be the Leslie of the Funny-club wherry? that amateur waterman, who had on the evening of the City barge show, pursued their boat so far out of his course, notwithstanding all the angry remonstrances of his companions, and whose conduct on the occasion both Miss Trevelyan and her guardian had condemned so severely, as unlike that of a gentleman. "They were, however, wrong in one thing," thought Theresa; "Lord Herbert Leslie is, at all events, no shopkeeper,"—nor could she think any one of

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his appearance could ever be wanting in good manners." She longed to know whether her conjectures relative to him were correct or not, and, notwithstanding her friends' condemnation of the music-loving boatman, she could not help hoping—although she did not very well know why—that he, the master of the Newfoundland dog, and her present companion, might all prove to be the self-same person.

The instant she had formed this wish, the image of her guardian crossed her mind; a strange sensation of remorse shot through her heart, and she looked almost fearfully towards Miss Trevelyan, as if dreading lest she might have read her thoughts. Theresa found her friend's eyes fixed upon her, and the remark which she was about to address to Lord Herbert, with a view of ascertaining whether he was the person she suspected him to be, died on her lips—but he was too agreeable and engrossing a companion to allow her mind long

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to dwell on her absent guardian, or indeed, on any subject not suggested by himself. For, perfectly conscious of his powers of captivation, and knowing well how to use them, he now collected them in full force, and directed the whole battery against Theresa, who was ill-prepared to withstand such an attack.

Few could resist the liveliness of Lord Herbert's wit; and, although some might have condemned his conversation as uncharitable, still fewer perhaps could withstand certain looks and expressions, which, appearing to raise the favoured person addressed above all possibility of being involved in the ridicule so freely bestowed on every one else, seemed at once to establish a sort of free-masonry between him and the object of his attention, upon the ground of a mutual discovery of superiority in thought and feeling.

The two hours spent in the dining-room flew by, Theresa hardly knew how, and the look with which Lord Herbert took leave of her, on

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Lady Williams's signal for departure, plainly told it would not be his fault if he was not soon again at her side. Theresa's spirits were so extraordinarily excited that she felt bewildered; and, on their return to the library, instead of instantly joining her friend to impart to her the little observations to which so new a scene might naturally have given rise, she wandered, alone and pre-occupied, round the apartment, carelessly turning over the publications and drawings scattered about. Miss Trevelyan, surprised at her unusual abstraction, at last came up to her.

"You seem much occupied with that book before you," said she; "what is it?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Theresa, instantly closing it, and with an evident desire that her studies might not be inquired into, replacing it with its companions on the table. The book in question was merely the first volume of Debrett's Peerage—a most innocent study certainly; but being one which, not-

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withstanding its generally allowed interest, had never before excited any in Theresa, she did not care to avow why it had now so suddenly attracted her attention, nor, indeed, could she, perhaps, have even explained to herself the precise reason why she had thus eagerly seized upon it. "You seemed to have a great deal of agreeable conversation at dinner," continued Miss Trevelyan; "who were your companions?"

"Oh! I don't know; that is to say, I believe one was Lord Herbert"—the surname "Leslie," came lagging after, as she was unwilling at once to let Miss Trevelyan suspect he might possibly be the condemned member of the Funny-club party.

"Oh! yes, I know it was Lord Herbert Leslie who sat between you and Lady Williams; but who was on your left hand?"

"I really can't tell," replied Theresa, and she spoke true, for she had never noticed her other neighbour, and had at last totally for-

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gotten his existence. Just then Lord Herbert entered; Miss Trevelyan was called away, and he was again fixed at Theresa's side.

Various amusements—whist, billiards, chess, ecarté, were proposed to him in succession by Sir Henry Williams, but he objected to them all, professing the most entire ignorance of, and profound abhorence for, all games, whether of chance or skill.

"That's new, I think, my Lord," said Sir Henry, looking slyly at him. "I have heard that no one can beat you, either at billiards or ecarté; and as for games of chance, you seem to me to understand them so well, that they become certainties in your hands, and it really is not fair to come among us and carry off the stake in this manner, without allowing any one else even to try his luck."

Lord Herbert did not seem willing to understand Sir Henry's remark; he made no comment upon it, and merely said, "Pray don't think about me, I am perfectly content

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without any amusement; but if I were to say what I prefer to every thing else, I should name music."

"I dare say Miss Howard is musical."

"I *know* she is," he added, but in so low a voice, that Theresa alone could catch the words, and the crimson blush which instantly suffused her face betrayed that she had not only *heard*, but *understood* him! Again the image of her guardian flashed across her mind, and she could almost have fancied she felt his dark eyes fixed on her burning cheeks.

"Why is this?" thought she; "why am I so tormented with the idea of Colonel Trevelyan's dissatisfaction, merely because I talk with Lord Herbert Leslie? why was he from the very first so evidently displeased with his attendance upon us?—why did he so carefully avoid making his acquaintance? for certainly, on that day of Oscar's adventure with his dog, he was almost rude to him—could he be aware of any thing to his disadvantage? and yet how

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is that possible, when, from his rank and situation in life, Lord Herbert must be so well known—when too he is a welcome guest at Sir Henry Williams's, and, besides, so gentleman-like — so agreeable!

All these self-convincing arguments in favour of her new acquaintance Theresa repeated over and over to herself, but still she could not entirely dismiss from her mind a feeling of doubt and anxiety, and a consciousness that, had her guardian been present, he would not have been pleased at her sudden and great intimacy with the unknown waterman.

Again and again Lord Herbert renewed his petition for music, and Sir Henry, wishing perhaps to put an end to the tête-à-tête on the sofa, added his entreaties, so that at last Theresa thought it best to comply, and repaired to the pianoforte. She found that Lord Herbert knew all her songs by heart—hummed the airs—repeated the words. "There is one you have not yet sung," said he, smiling

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significantly; "the Neapolitan Barcarola"— that was the song with which she had serenaded the party in the Funny-club wherry on the evening of their little adventure with them on the river.

She could now no longer doubt his being the person who had thus in various ways haunted them during the whole summer, and the conviction occasioned much the same sort of feeling of shyness, amounting to shame, which is experienced by one, who having, beneath the concealment of a mask, ventured on liberties of speech which in *propria persona* would never have been hazarded, is at length obliged, by throwing off the disguise, to betray the culprit.

"What a delicious evening *that* was!" exclaimed Lord Herbert. "By heavens I shall never forget the 20th of July, nor the effect of the sounds which I that night first heard.

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> ' 'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words
> But the deep magic in the chords,
> And in the lips, that gave such power
> As music knew not till that hour.' "

Theresa had begun the accompaniment of the Barcarola, but found it quite impossible to attempt singing it, and continued in silence modulating on the instrument without even venturing to look at her companion, whose eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, in evident satisfaction at the embarrassment which it betrayed.

The announcement of Miss Trevelyan's carriage soon relieved Theresa from her awkward situation. Lord Herbert most vehemently seconded Sir Henry and Lady Williams's remonstrances against so early a departure; but Miss Trevelyan, little used to society, was so much fatigued, that she could not be prevailed upon to remain any longer, and Lord Herbert was at last obliged to give up the attempt, and be content with securing to

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himself the privilege of escorting Theresa to the door.

While, to prolong the time, he was turning her cloak in every possible direction but the right one, Sir Henry (as great an adept in such little *ruses de guerre* as himself) hurrying back from depositing Miss Trevelyan in her carriage, met the loitering pair in the hall, and good-humouredly pushing aside Lord Herbert, "Come, come, my Lord," said he, "I am master in this house, and therefore still claim prior right to the young ladies, as well as to the old; so give up Miss Howard to me, for I have something to say to her," and drawing Theresa's relinquished arm within his, "Ah! you naughty little flirt," he continued in a low voice, "if I had been aware of all this, I never should have allowed you to come here to-day. What account am I to give of you to the guardian, hey! I who have pledged myself for your good conduct, shall I tell him that 'when the cat's away the mice

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do play?'" Then chuckling in much enjoyment at the embarrassment he had occasioned, and good-humouredly shaking her by the hand, he added, "Come, I will this once keep your secret, if you will promise to behave better the next time you are let out of your cage."

Theresa forcibly withdrew her hand, and, darting forward, sprang hastily into the carriage in order to avoid any further raillery. "Well, well," said Sir Henry, again laughing, "I see you are penitent, so I will be mum;" and then, hoping neither of the ladies would be the worse for the dissipation of the evening, he kindly gave them his blessing, and returned into the house.

"What is this good joke between you and Sir Henry?" inquired Miss Trevelyan, when they set off on their return home.

"Oh! nothing—nonsense," replied Theresa, not at all inclined to enter into any explanation of that, which, undefined as it might have

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seemed to any one else, she comprehended but too well.

"May I guess what Sir Henry was scolding you for?" said Miss Trevelyan, taking Theresa's hand: "did he not accuse a certain friend of mine of being too much engrossed by her neighbour at dinner?"

Theresa made no reply; and it was luckily too dark for the tales told by her blushing face to be observed.

"I recollect now," continued Miss Trevelyan, "that Lord Herbert Leslie is the person whom we used to see all summer rowing about on the river; he does not seem to have lost his taste for music, nor has that same friend of mine her's for admiration! Come, come, Theresa," said her friend, kindly retaining the hand which was struggling to be released from her's, "don't be angry. I know quite well all that is very natural, and that I, who never was—never could be—an object of admiration, can be no judge of its intoxicating

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effects; but, perhaps, it will be as well another time not to let any one person engross your attention so entirely. People so easily obtain the character of a flirt, and none are more ready to bestow the opprobrious appellation than those who entice us on to deserve it. I find Lord Herbert is a Scotchman, Lord Falkirk's son. He does not reside in this neighbourhood, and is going almost immediately to join his father in the north."

If the design of this speech was to repress certain vague flattering sensations in Theresa's breast, it had the desired effect; and yet she could not help thinking her friend might possibly be as much mistaken with regard to Lord Herbert's object in his attentions to her, as she had been when suspecting him of being a shopkeeper. She, however, kept these thoughts to herself, and there the matter ended; for Theresa had no desire to revive a subject, which, for reasons best known to herself, she would have wished

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not to be discussed; and, as she therefore never again named Lord Herbert, Miss Trevelyan attaching little importance to the affair, did not allude to him either.

A couple of days after the dinner-party at Twickenham, as Theresa was taking her usual walk with Humphries, Lord Herbert suddenly galloped up; on recognising her, he immediately leapt from his horse, and walked by the side of the footpath, making many inquiries after herself, Miss Trevelyan, and the little dog. But Theresa, who felt that this conversation should not, under present circumstances, be prolonged, gave him such laconic answers, and was evidently so much embarrassed by his attendance, that he at last took the hint, and, regretting that he was not likely soon to see her again, being obliged to set off the following day for Scotland, he remounted his horse and galloped off, though not without casting many a lingering and expressive look behind.

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This rencontre was not mentioned to Miss Trevelyan, and, the circumstances of her own youth having been such as to preclude her from all experience on the subject which now occupied Theresa, she had not a suspicion that the handsome agreeable stranger had left any impression whatever on her mind She could not, indeed, avoid observing occasional fits of abstraction and apparent listlessness in her young companion, but, never having passed through the fiery ordeal herself, she attributed them merely to the want of those recreations and amusements which had necessarily ceased upon her guardian's departure; and although Theresa, notwithstanding the change of weather, spent whole hours lost in thought, gazing vacantly over the parapet-wall of their garden, on the now swollen, ruffled waters of the Thames, Miss Trevelyan took no alarm; nor ever noticed that she was eternally singing the Neapolitan Barcarola, and constantly studying the first volume of Debrett's Peerage.

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CHAPTER VI.

Ah! wherefore should my tongue alone be mute,
When every look, and every motion tell—
So plainly tell—and will not be forbid
That I adore thee?

BASIL.

THE dreadful long month of banishment in Cornwall at length expired, and, by the beginning of November, Trevelyan was again the happiest of the happy at Theresa's side, verifying the truth of that French maxim "*Que l'absence qui affaiblit les petites passions ne fait qu'augmenter les grandes,*" for he returned, if possible, more enamoured than before. Perhaps the contrast between her enthusiastic interesting character, "for ever

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varying, yet for ever graceful," and the Lady Augusta's well-tutored proprieties, increased the power of captivation possessed by the former. And when Theresa, conscious that she had something to conceal, received him with downcast looks and blushing cheeks, he, in blissful ignorance of the true cause of this timidity, read in her altered manner the most flattering encouragement to his wishes, and fearlessly gave way to the intoxication which such hopes produced.

Fortunately for Theresa, Sir Henry Williams, who would have been sure to betray her secret, was then absent from Twickenham; her guardian, therefore, remaining in perfect ignorance of her meeting with Lord Herbert at his house, never in any way alluded to him; so that at length, feeling secure from detection, her fears gradually died away, and her usual spirits returned; and if her conscience at times reproached her for such ungrateful reserve towards one, to whom as yet every feeling of

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her heart had been freely laid open, she met its accusations with the self-deceiving expostulation, "that really, after all, she had nothing to tell;" for how impart to another that which was as yet without reality or name to herself. Thus weeks flew on, Theresa meanwhile continuing to all appearance the same light-hearted being she ever was; and, if fits of thoughtfulness occasionally stole over her, casting a shade of sentiment on her lovely countenance, Trevelyan, more and more deceived, scarcely now allowed any possibility of doubt to check his happiness. Swiftly as the time passed in her society, still he murmured at its sluggishness, impatient to arrive at that blissful moment when Theresa's attainment of the age of eighteen would remove the seal which a high sense of honour had placed upon his lips.

Colonel Trevelyan's character was one of those on which such a passion as that which Theresa had inspired makes the deepest im-

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pression, and he had also reached that period in a man's life when such impressions are most indelible; for "middle age," although it had tempered, had not yet quenched

> "The fiery vehemence of youth,"

and it required no peculiar acuteness of observation to detect, beneath a remarkable repose of manner,

> "The will to do, the soul to dare,
> The sparkling glance soon blown to fire,
> Of ardent love, or headlong ire."

All the former passing fancies of his life now seemed to him like mere child's play, having but amused his imagination without ever really touching his heart, and in consequence, even amid the active duties of a military life, he had ever felt a blank, a want of object in his existence; but since he had known Theresa, all was changed, and the world wore to him a totally different aspect. If his mind turned to his profession, Theresa would then rise to his imagina-

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tion as a bright beacon enticing him on to fame and glory! How valueless did the best-earned honours now appear, unless shared by some beloved object! What would they not be if shared by Theresa? And when, in his less heroic moments, his fancy turned to a quiet happy home, there again Theresa was the foremost, the only prominent object, in the captivating picture. Trevelyan was so entirely occupied by those thoughts and feelings, that he at last could no longer conceal them from his sister. She at first actually started at his confession, for the possibility even of such sentiments on his part had never crossed her unsuspecting mind; and, scarcely aware of the pain she was inflicting, she in cruel sober sense laid before him all her objections to what she called his strange infatuation.

"Why, my dear Frederick," said she, "Theresa is, I believe, nearly twenty years younger than yourself, and in disposition so totally different! so wild, so thoughtless! I allow that

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she possesses marvellous powers of captivation, for her very faults tend to increase the interest which she inspires, but still she is such a mere child, led away by every whim, that surely, if you reflect upon it, you cannot think that she could suit you as a wife, although she may amuse you as a plaything."

Trevelyan had anticipated surprise, but did not at all like the tone in which his sister now took up the business, still less to be reminded of these defects in the object of his adoration; nor was he willing to allow that the disproportion of age between them was any objection, for he maintained that it was generally allowed that ten years' seniority only brought a man on a par with his wife, and, in the case at present under consideration, a very few more years were to be added. "In short," continued he rather impatiently; "all I want to consult you about is with regard to Theresa herself, whether you think it would even be possible that she could—that she should—"

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"That she should fall in love with you, you mean, dear Fred.;" interrupted Miss Trevelyan, kindly smiling upon him. "Why, really with regard to that, I cannot venture to give an opinion; it is very evident that she is most happy in your society, but then her preferring it to mine is not wonderful, and she has, you know, no other."

Miss Trevelyan suddenly stopped, for, the recollection of Lord Herbert Leslie flashing across her mind, she was on the point of informing Trevelyan of the meeting between him and his ward at Sir Henry Williams's, and of the very evident satisfaction with which she had received his attentions; but, on second thoughts, she deemed that it would be hardly fair to mention that, which, in fact, had been merely surmise on her part, and which appeared at all events to have been but a passing whim of the moment.

Miss Trevelyan little knew that such strict silence as that maintained by Theresa on the

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subject is one of the most deadly symptoms of the disease called love, and that the more the patient endeavours to conceal her malady the more alarming is the case; she, therefore, being herself deceived, helped to mislead her brother the more, and as, leaning on his shoulder, she looked with sisterly pride and affection on his handsome countenance, after a moment's pause she continued: "You know, Freddy, I am an old maid—never was in love, never could have had a lover; my judgment on such matters is, therefore, perhaps not much to be trusted, moreover, it is impossible to guess at the taste of others. But still I must say, I think any one might prefer—in short, might fall in love with, you; for that, I am aware, is the point now in question; and though I could perhaps detect among these black locks of yours one or two hairs bleached by the sun of India, yet as love, we are told, is blind, he would not detect them so easily as a prying old sister: so that really, notwithstanding all the objections

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I have just been making, I do think if you were willing to take Theresa for better and for worse, *she*, at least, would have no cause to complain of the bargain."

On the whole, this result of his consultation with his sister was satisfactory to Trevelyan, and, having now once broken the ice, he constantly, when alone with her, reverted to the subject nearest his heart, till at length they talked themselves into the belief that what they both so ardently wished was not only possible but even probable. For Miss Trevelyan, who doated on Theresa, although she was not, like her brother, blinded to her faults, welcomed with such pleasure the hope of seeing her young charge safe in his care, and her wild spirit properly guided by his superior sense and judgment, that she soon became as unwilling to hear of doubt or objection as himself; and Trevelyan, finding his hopes and wishes thus encouraged by those of another, allowed them to assume a reality, which, till then, he

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had scarcely permitted himself to think possible.

About a fortnight after Trevelyan's arrival at Richmond, Sir Henry and Lady Williams returned to Twickenham, and in the course of a few days called upon their friends in Paragon-row. Theresa's conscience instantly tinged her cheeks with the deepest crimson on their entrance, as she feared Sir Henry might make some disclosures, which would not be very agreeable either to herself or her guardian.

"Well, Colonel," said Sir Henry, after the first salutations were over; "you see I have kept my word, and taken good care of your ward; at least, as long as I was here to watch her, she behaved tolerably well, but I will not swear that she has not been flirting with some of the smart young bargemen over the garden-wall, while I have been away; for, faith, she needs a great deal of looking after, and I really don't envy you your charge." Then going close up to Theresa, while he laid his finger on

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his lips, he added in a low voice, "Don't be afraid—I won't blab. If you remember the conditions, I won't forget my promise." "But what have you been about, Colonel, all this time?" he continued; "making sad havoc among the Cornish ladies and game, I suppose. As for us here, we have neither pheasants nor Philanders, hares nor heroes,—have we, Miss Howard? Sad dull place, Richmond; no such thing as a lover to be had for love or money;" and he again turned to Theresa to confirm the truth of his statement, laughing in much enjoyment at the embarrassment which his fancied wit occasioned. "By the by though, I have good news for you; there is going to be a general rising of belles and beaux, for we are forthwith to have a ball at the Star and Garter, so at least says Mrs. Hopkins; but you may not think her very good authority. My Lady there, however, will tell you all about it, for I heard them busily discussing the matter the other day, and was very near informing against

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them for high treason, they all looked so mysterious and important with their *lists* and their consultations as to who *was* and was *not* to be *trusted.* Come, my Lady," said Sir Henry to his wife, " open your business."

" My business," said Lady Williams, " relates to a petition which I have to present to you all, and in which I hope Miss Howard will second me, otherwise I fear I shall have little chance of being listened to. You must know then," continued Lady Williams, " that Mrs. Hopkins's report is for once really true, for we are positively going to have a subscription-ball. It is for some charitable purpose ; and in order to ensure its success, patronesses have been appointed, who are each to press into the service their own particular friends ; so I am come here to beat up for recruits, and to entreat that my ball may be honoured by being the scene of Miss Howard's *debût* in the gay world."

At these words, Theresa actually gave a

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scream of delight, and looked anxiously in Miss Trevelyan's face for her reply; but she there saw nothing encouraging to her wishes, for her friend only looked grave and shook her head. Theresa then turned with imploring eyes towards her guardian. It was impossible for him to resist those eyes; and his, therefore, also pleaded in Theresa's behalf with his sister. Still, however, Miss Trevelyan for a time resisted their joint entreaties; the very name of a public ball seemed to alarm her. She declared her utter inability to join in any such gaiety herself, and made all sorts of objections to Theresa's going without her; but at last every difficulty was most good-humouredly and patiently obviated by Lady Williams. She would herself chaperon Theresa; she would take her and bring her back in her own carriage. She answered for her not catching cold. She promised Miss Trevelyan she should not stay very late—reminded her there would be a full moon—and, in short, at last the much

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wished-for permission was obtained, and to the ball it was finally settled Theresa should go.

No sooner was the welcome acquiescence pronounced than Theresa flew to her dear Treevy, and then to Lady Williams, to express her gratitude by the most affectionate acknowledgments. She next, her countenance beaming with delight, turned towards her guardian.

But the moment she approached him, it seemed as if some strange nervous affection had suddenly seized both her eyes and tongue, for she could neither speak nor look him in the face, but stood before him like a self-convicted criminal, silent and abashed. Trevelyan, who still wanted the right clue which would have fully explained his young friend's fitful variations of countenance and manner, looked at her with glistening eyes. He spoke not either, and a tender pressure of her trembling hand was his silent reply to her unuttered thanks. Whether it was a pang of remorse which at that moment brought tears into her eyes, we

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cannot tell, but some passing melancholy thought seemed at once to have checked the exhilaration of spirits which the prospect of the ball had at first occasioned, and, during the remainder of Lady Williams's visit, Theresa continued silent and preoccupied.

This projected gaiety, of course, caused a prodigious sensation in Richmond and its neighbourhood, where, from the great number of elderly ladies and the extreme paucity of young gentlemen, dancing was certainly neither a common, nor (what it is generally considered to be) a *natural* amusement; but every exertion was on this occasion made both by the patronesses and subscribers to ensure the success of the ball in question, by collecting from all parts beaux, beauty, and fashion. Letters were dispatched in every direction, with offers of beds and dinners to all the officers quartered within thirty miles round; and, as the entertainment was to take place during the Christmas vacation, Cambridge and Oxford students were

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summoned, and even Eton and Harrow boys pressed into the service—the patronesses, with laudable emulation, vying with each other as to the number and importance of the names on their several lists.

As the time approached, Mrs. Hopkins was in a constant trot, going from door to door, in order to arrange with her neighbours about the proper division of the expected young ladies and gentlemen in their respective houses and carriages, and many also were her visits to Mrs. Preston, the milliner, not only to decide upon the equally important distribution of flowers and ribbons in her own cap, but in order to ascertain beforehand what hats, turbans, and tocques were destined on that important night to decorate the heads of all her acquaintances. She was even so good as to step into the Star and Garter, in order to give her advice *gratis* relative to the arrangement of the card-tables and refreshments—and to hint that, as she should bring with

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her her nephew, Lord Ladbrook's eldest son, the dancing of course should not commence until he arrived; and that she hoped proper attention would be paid by the master of the ceremonies, in order that persons of *rank* should have their proper places.

The long wished-for evening at length arrived. By eight o'clock lights were seen twinkling in every dressing-room window in Richmond and its vicinity, and shortly afterwards the unfortunate *flies* began their night of ceaseless labour. Theresa, her eyes and cheeks brilliant with the additional animation of anticipated pleasure, was ready dressed long before the appointed time, and sat eagerly listening for the arrival of Lady Williams, while Trevelyan gazed on her lovely form in an ecstasy of admiration, and his sister with a melancholy smile. "Remember Theresa," said the latter, "I shall expect a full account of every thing to-morrow morning; for you know I have never been at a ball in my life,

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old as I am now, and therefore the smallest circumstance will be news to me. You must keep account of all your partners, and of all the pretty things they say to you, and also of whom Frederick flirts with, in short tell me every thing."

At that instant the welcome sound of the door-bell announcing Lady Williams's arrival was heard. Theresa sprang from her seat, and, giving her dear Treevy a hasty, but, if possible, a more than usually tender embrace, she took her guardian's proffered arm, and they hurried together down stairs.

As Miss Trevelyan again closed her door on their final departure, and drew her chair by her now solitary fire-side, an involuntary tear stole down her cheek, and she unconsciously fell into a more melancholy reverie than any by which she had been for a long time visited. All the circumstances of her own blighted youth forced themselves on her recollection in painful contrast, and it was

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some time before she obtained the mastery over feelings which her strict principles condemned. Each carriage, as it whirled past her dwelling, seemed to increase her sensation of solitary exclusion, and, in the dismal irritation of the moment, she exaggerated to herself those worldly and personal advantages which at other times were viewed by her but in the light of trials, and from the dangers of which she had so often, in the chastened resignation of her heart, thanked God for having been preserved.

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CHAPTER VII.

Within the compass of these walls
Somewhere she is, although to me she is not.
Some other eye doth gaze upon her form,
Some other ear doth listen to her voice,
Some happy fav'rite doth enjoy the bliss,
My spiteful stars deny.

BASIL.

LADY WILLIAMS being one of the patronesses of the ball, she had made it a point to go early, so that, when she and her companions arrived, the room was not half full. Their entrance was in consequence the more conspicuous, and all eyes were instantly fixed upon Theresa, whose beauty was of too superior an order for the possibility of two opinions existing respecting it. Trevelyan's proud

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heart glowed within him on observing the evident admiration bestowed upon the lovely being at his side, and, as hope whispered to him that this being was his own, he almost unconsciously pressed closer to him the precious hand then trembling on his arm.

Among the company already arrived, was the *Honourable* Mrs. Hopkins. She had of course heard that Colonel Trevelyan and his beautiful ward were to accompany Sir Henry and Lady Williams to the ball, and she determined to turn this circumstance and the evening to her own advantage. In consequence, Lady Williams and her party had scarcely entered the room before Mrs. Hopkins, with a deplorable-looking stripling at her side, came bustling up to her. "How do you do, my dear madam?—glad to see your ladyship returned so well, and Sir Henry, quite well too, I hope;" and in her bows to them, she contrived to include Trevelyan, who was of course obliged to acknowledge her salutation.

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"Charming room! an't it? What a pity so little use is made of it, for it is the very thing for a ball. Then pushing her companion forward, "Will your ladyship," said she to Lady Williams, "allow me to present my nephew, Mr. Ladbrook, to you?—Lord Ladbrook's eldest son, you know," added Mrs. Hopkins, in a lower but consequential tone, looking the while as if she expected this piece of information to electrify her auditors. "Is your young lady disengaged?" she continued, "for if so, I am sure my nephew will be happy to have the pleasure ——," and then without waiting for an answer, — "Miss Howard, Mr. Ladbrook; Mr. Ladbrook, Miss Howard,"—and at each nomination she inclined her own body in order to make up for any possible deficiency of form in others.

Theresa curtseyed, the palefaced stripling murmured something, and Mrs. Hopkins, taking advantage of these introductions flying about, again bowed to Trevelyan, who, of

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course, felt himself again obliged to bow in return, and having thus by these two false presentations of herself, (which she thought might be considered as constituting one real one,) established a sort of acquaintance with him, she, disengaging herself from her hopeful nephew, and placing him at Theresa's side, with strict orders to flirt with his partner, addressed herself exclusively to the object of her attention. "Well, I really do hope we shall have a good ball," said she; "people are coming in very fast; at all events we are sure of good company, for I saw the list of subscribers today, and there were the Reeveses, and the Riveses, the Budgeons, and the Philpots; all unexceptionable of course, which is the great matter, for poor dear Mr. Hopkins often said, there was nothing so improper in his opinion as a mixture of company. It certainly is not easy in these levelling days to be as particular as one ought, but still it is every body's duty to try and keep society as select as possible,

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and Mr. Hopkins used to laugh and say that where there was *everybody*, there must be *nobody*, which was cleverly said of him."

Of course Trevelyan smiled applause at this *bon-mot* of Lord Ladbrook's first cousin, and, never having thought upon the subject of select society himself, he had nothing whatever to say in contradiction to what had been advanced; but, before we proceed any further, it may be as well to explain who Mr. Hopkins and his honourable relict were. We begin with the latter.

Mrs. Hopkins was the only child of a rich citizen, and, having when quite a girl eloped from her boarding-school with the younger son of an impoverished Irish Viscount, she in consequence returned from Gretna-green the Honourable Mrs. O'Grady; after the death of Mr. O'Grady, she bestowed her hand and fortune upon Mr. Hopkins, a gentleman indebted for his connexion with the peerage to his mother, sister to the last Lord Ladbrook; who, to

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rescue herself from the disgrace of single blessedness, was tempted, when pretty well advanced in life, to form a strange *mesalliance* with a retired silk-throwster, in consequence of which her family refused all further connexion with her. Mrs. Hopkins, however, who was a clever woman in her way, and had all her wits about her, knew well how to turn these accidents of her own and the poor dear late Mr. Hopkins' life, to her own present advantage, and consequently, on the same principle which makes a Colonel in the army consider himself to be always a Colonel, however little military his after-life may be, she ingeniously contrived to tack to her name that handle which she had acquired by her union with her first husband to the very plebeian surname of the second, and in consequence dubbed herself the *Honourable* Mrs. Hopkins. The combination was unfortunate and incongruous, but what she had thus chosen to join together no one could certainly care to put asunder, and consequently

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as the *Honourable* Mrs. Hopkins she was addressed.

But her good luck and good guidance did not stop here; she had a few years back been fortunate enough to discover that Lord Ladbrook's son was at a school in the neighbourhood, and immediately setting off with a chaise full of cakes and maids of honour, she (boldly calling herself his aunt) ingratiated herself with the boy through the medium of her confectionary, and having obtained leave from the school-master that he should occasionally pass Saturdays and Sundays with her at Richmond, she still further secured the affections of the young heir, by making him regularly sick on each of these visits with ice fruit and eel-pies, in addition to the already named cakes and maids of honour. All these favours had made a deep impression not only on the heart but the constitution of young Ladbrook, and to the pastry-cook's shop at Richmond might probably be traced his deplorable pale face

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and diminutive stature. Now that he was a student at Oxford, he still, to his credit, kept up his clandestine intercourse with his proscribed aunt Hopkins, and joyfully accepted her invitation to the ball at the Star and Garter, as well as her proffers of bed and board.

Such was Mrs. Hopkins's history up to the time of her attack upon Trevelyan (for we need not dwell on the year and the tears of her second widowhood, as they made no greater impression on her own mind than they probably would make on that of the reader). Having by the clever manœuvre already related established a degree of spurious acquaintance with the tall, handsome Colonel, and already anticipating the effect which would be produced when at her next dinner-party she should astonish her neighbours by the appearance of the next heir but one to an earldom, Mrs. Hopkins determined not to lose the advantage thus gained, and therefore, resolutely maintaining

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her station at his side, she continued to address him.

"I hope you left Lord Launceston quite well," said she, and in so easy a tone of acquaintance, that Trevelyan, not a little surprised at the seeming intimacy between Mrs. Hopkins and his proud aristocratic relative, said directly, "Oh, you know my uncle?"

"Why, I do not exactly personally know him," said Mrs. Hopkins, in some little embarrassment at this direct question. "It is a great many years since I had the pleasure of seeing his lordship, for I live now so much out of the world, that I lose sight of all my friends. A charming woman was the late Lady Launceston, but always sadly delicate, quite an exotic!"

Again Trevelyan, with cruel perseverance, inquired into Mrs. Hopkins's acquaintance with his aunt.

"Oh, yes; of course I knew Lady Launceston," she replied, "for I used to meet her ladyship at the drawing-room. In former

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days, drawing-rooms were not what they are now; it was not *every body*, you know, who then went to court, and that was the reason it was so pleasant! If poor dear Mr. Hopkins was alive, I dare say he would insist on my going to the drawing-room every year, for he used to say it was every body's duty to keep up their proper place in society; and, between ourselves, I believe their Majesties like such attentions — but now" — and she sighed — "I have a foolish sort of shyness about me, though I am sure I need not, for the Royal family have been always particularly kind to me, and the very last time I was at Court, I remember quite well the dear King saying, 'How does Mr. Hopkins do?' quite in an easy way. He had then, it must be confessed, been dead two years, poor man," — and again Mrs. Hopkins sighed. "Still, however, it was very kind and flattering of his Majesty inquiring after him. But all that is changed now," and she drew another deep sigh over the loss of ——Trevelyan did not very well know, what. Just then, luckily

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for him, the music struck up. "Oh, there they are going to begin. Come, my dear Ladbrook, lead Miss Howard to the top of the room, or you will be too late," and she bustled away after the master of the ceremonies, in order to secure for her *protégé* a place suited to his consequence.

Trevelyan, delighted at having thus got rid of his companion, also followed the dancers, but took care to direct his steps to the opposite side of the room. Again, as he followed with his eyes her who alone, amid the crowd which surrounded him, attracted his attention, he, with proud feelings of self-congratulation, exulted in her superiority of look, air, and manner, over all around; and if ever such selfish vanity is pardonable, surely it may be so in a man of thirty-four desperately in love with a girl of seventeen.

As soon as the dance was over, Theresa, whose eyes had been the whole time wandering round the room, at last spied out her guardian,

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and having had quite enough of her dull *Honourable* partner, she immediately hastened to his side. "How I wish you danced!" said she, with most winning *naïveté*, after having expatiated on the stupidity of her late companion, "For somehow, I am not sure I think this ball quite so charming as I expected it to be; at least, if this is all;" and again she unconsciously cast her eyes around, as if in search of some expected object; "but," continued she after a moment, "if you danced it would of course be quite different."

"And do you not think it would be still more different to me, Theresa?" replied Trevelyan, with a look and tone which even she must have understood. — "I, who have all this time most wickedly envied the smart dandies skipping about you, and coveted their sound ankles unscathed by cannon-balls."

"That 's a story," said Theresa archly; "I am quite sure that in your heart you do not envy them at all, and would not take

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their useless, insignificant lives for all the unwounded ankles in the room; by your countenance I am sure I am right," and the colour glowed brilliantly in Theresa's cheeks as she spoke.

This little compliment thrilled to Trevelyan's inmost soul. "A year ago, perhaps, I would not," he replied; "for then war was my only mistress—but now!—what pleasure can there be in wounds, however gained, compared to that of dancing with you?"

Theresa looked down and said nothing, and Trevelyan, who felt that he had been betrayed into saying more than he meant, was also silent.

The room was by this time very full, and preparations seemed making for another set, as the ladies and gentlemen were bowing, curtseying, and pairing off like birds in spring. "As you have no partner for this dance," said Trevelyan, "shall we walk about and see the world?"

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Theresa, delighted at the proposal, readily agreed and they began their no easy progress through the room. The noise and crowd seemed to bewilder her; she spoke little, and her eyes still wandered anxiously around. At length, with something like a sigh,—"A ball is but a dull thing after all," said she, "when one knows nobody, and, excepting Mrs. Hopkins, I don't think there is a creature in the room whom I ever saw before."

She had scarcely pronounced these words when Trevelyan felt her give a violent start. He instantly looked round to discover what had occasioned it, when, following the direction of her eyes, his emotion nearly equalled that of his ward on beholding, at no great distance, his persecutor on the river, the master of the Newfoundland dog, who in a moment turned towards them. He fixed his eyes eagerly on Theresa, and, although her's were then hastily averted, the burning blush upon her cheeks betrayed her consciousness of

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being recognised. Trevelyan bit his lip in anger and vexation, and he was meditating in what manner to effect an escape, when the stranger, having quickly made his way through the intervening crowd, was already close at their side. He slightly bowed to Trevelyan, who then, to his astonishment, heard him not only address Theresa by her name, but in the familiar tone of an acknowledged acquaintance request the pleasure of being her partner for the dance just then beginning. Trevelyan darted on the bold adventurer a look of astonishment and indignation, and pressing Theresa's arm more closely to his side, endeavoured to move on.

But still there the stranger stood, and again repeated his as yet unanswered request. Trevelyan's blood now began to boil, and he was about to remonstrate on the liberty thus taken, when, to his utter consternation, Theresa, forcibly withdrawing her hand from his

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arm, yielded it to the unknown waterman, and in an instant they were both lost in the crowd.

The whole of this transaction, which had not occupied above a minute, left Trevelyan petrified! His first impulse was to rush after the bold pirate and call upon him to relinquish his prize; but, fully aware of the ungovernable nature of his feelings when once roused, and sensible that a public ball-room was not the place for such a scene as he felt his present excited temper might occasion, he had just sufficient power over himself to delay the pursuit of his enemy until he had made up his mind as to what he should say and do.

He was still in this perturbed state, fixed as if spell-bound to the spot at which Theresa had left him, and his very forehead scarlet with agitation, when Sir Henry Williams came up to him. "Why, I have been looking for you everywhere," said he; "I want to present Lord Herbert Leslie to you, for he is

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prodigiously anxious to make your acquaintance, having already met with your ladies at our house."

"Who?—what—Leslie?" said Trevelyan still bewildered, and the name instantly catching his ear, although at the moment he in his confusion hardly knew why—"Leslie, did you say?"

"Yes, Leslie! Why, what is the matter with you, my dear Colonel, are you not well? you look so hot."

"Abominably hot," replied Trevelyan with much impatience; "but what did you say, for that confounded music makes such a noise I cannot hear a word?"

Sir Henry, not a little surprised at his friend's strange agitated manner, again repeated his speech about Lord Herbert's desire to be made known to him. "It seems," he continued, "that he fell in with you one day by the river, or on the high road, I forget which, when his dog frightened Miss

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Howard, and so, as I said before, having met her and your sister at dinner at our house, he now wishes for the pleasure of your acquaintance."

During this explanatory speech of Sir Henry's Trevelyan by degrees recovered his senses, and his eyes opened upon the whole affair, but he was still so entirely occupied by that dreadful tell-tale blush on Theresa's face, that not at all attending to the main purport of Sir Henry's speech, (namely, his introduction to Lord Herbert,) he still in absent perturbation merely repeated his name.

"Leslie! Leslie did you say?"

"Yes, *Lord Herbert Leslie*, I tell you, is his name," said Sir Henry, getting in his turn a little out of patience. "Why, Lord bless the man, what is come over you? surely you can have no objection to making his acquaintance; he is Lord Falkirk's son, a person very well known, and ten to one is at this minute close behind us," added Sir Henry

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looking around, "and hears all this pretty discussion about him, for he was this instant with me and most anxious to find you."

Trevelyan, who had by this time, by putting various circumstances together, identified the Leslie of the funny-club wherry with the unknown waterman, the master of the Newfoundland dog, and Theresa's present partner, related, although not in a very distinct manner, what had passed.

"And so," said Sir Henry, laughing, "you took Lord Herbert for some impudent adventurer carrying off your precious charge, and I suppose if I had not luckily come up, would by this time have run him through the body—excellent! excellent! Poor Colonel! excuse me—but really you and your ward put me in mind of a hen with a young duck; and faith I must own she needs looking after, for she is as cunning a little flirt as ever I met with."

This speech was not calculated to put Tre-

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velyan in any better humour; again his blood boiled in his veins, and he was scarcely able to command himself even towards the good-humoured baronet, longing also for an explanation with regard to his charge against Theresa, yet feeling that he was not at the moment in a fit state to bear any more vexation.

"Did they meet at your house more than once?" said he, at last, following the train of his own thoughts, and commanding his voice as well as he could.

"Oh! no, only that once," replied Sir Henry, smiling at his friend's excessive anxiety, "don't be alarmed, I was only joking; and after all, what more natural than that a young woman should go and dance with a young man, and that *that* young man should admire her—for, faith! every one must do that—and it is also perfectly natural that she should have no objection to his admiration. This is all I meant, I assure you; so now smooth down your ruffled feathers and come with me,

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and make friends with the supposed highwayman—the nearer the less danger, is, you know, our military maxim, and your wisest plan will be to make up to the poacher, whoever he may be, the better to observe his snares." So saying, taking Trevelyan's arm, Sir Henry led him towards the top of the room; but he met by the way with so many friends to whom he had so much to say that he soon forgot the object with which he had started, and the crowd separating them, Trevelyan, hot, tired, thoroughly discomposed, and feeling at the moment little inclined to hold any converse except with his own thoughts, made his retreat towards an empty bench, and there remained a prey to his no very agreeable reflections. Theresa's violent start, and the crimson blush which had coloured her face at the sight of Lord Herbert, painfully haunted him. How strange, too, her total silence with regard to her meeting with him at Sir Henry Williams's!

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—she who was so open, so artless, and had so long been in the habit of freely telling him whatever gave her pain or pleasure.

It now also occurred to him that this dinner at Lady Williams's had never been in any way mentioned by Theresa, and, in her monotonous life, it was an event which could not have passed unnoticed. Then Sir Henry's accusation, "that she was as cunning a flirt as ever he met with." What could he mean? to what could he allude?

As all these torturing thoughts were passing through his mind, Trevelyan was suddenly roused from his abstraction by the appearance of Theresa close to him in the dance. At that moment Lord Herbert was speaking to another person, and Trevelyan, fancying he saw a shade of melancholy over her countenance, was too happy to find any excuse for the being he worshipped, and to be able still to cling, if but for a moment, to the delightful hopes in which he had lately indulged.

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Quickly, therefore, passing from one extreme to another, he now directed all his displeasure towards himself, cursing those violent ungovernable feelings which had nearly betrayed him into the act of a madman. But then, the blush! the start! the strange reserve!——

Thus distracted by contending feelings, poor Trevelyan remained at his solitary seat, ever and anon pesting against the cannon-ball which forced him thus to relinquish to others that hand which he felt to be almost his own property.

The dance at last ended, and at the usual pause which follows, all the performers paraded in pairs up and down to rest and cool, but Trevelyan did not among them discover either Theresa or Lord Herbert, and, leaving his seat, he searched all round the ball-room, but in vain. At last, seeing some parties going into an adjoining apartment, allotted, he was told, to refreshments, he followed them, and there, resting on a couch, Lord Herbert at

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her side, he beheld the object of his pursuit. The agreeable conversation in which they were seemingly engaged so entirely engrossed them, that they were not aware of Trevelyan's entrance until he was almost close by them. The moment Theresa saw him, she started from her seat, and in evident embarrassment seemed anxious to apologise for her absence, saying she had merely left the dancing-room for a few minutes, in order to get some tea. Trevelyan's thoughts were too much occupied by what had lately passed, and by the *tête-à-tête* which he now detected, to allow him immediately to converse on any indifferent subject, and it was still more impossible for him at that moment to allude to that nearest his heart; an awkward silence therefore ensued.

At length Lord Herbert, the only one of the party who did not seem disconcerted, broke it by requesting Theresa to present him to Colonel Trevelyan. With an unsteady voice, downcast eyes, and a degree of awk-

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wardness of manner very unusual to her, Theresa went through the usual ceremony on such occasions. "Miss Howard," said Lord Herbert, directly, "has been in great anxiety to join her party, but I persuaded her to come here for a little refreshment and cooler air, the ball-room is so disagreeably hot and crowded."

"Very disagreeable, indeed!" repeated Trevelyan, and he spoke feelingly, for it certainly had been particularly so to him. And again there was a pause—at length Trevelyan in some degree recovering his composure, and addressing Lord Herbert, said, "Does your lordship reside in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh dear, no," he replied; "it was by mere accident I heard of this ball, when with my uncle in Cambridgeshire, and I came on purpose for it."

"I suppose, then, you have the true Scotch love of dancing," continued Trevelyan, a sarcastic smile passing over his countenance.

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"No," replied Lord Herbert carelessly. "I fear I am but a degenerate Scot, as I have little taste for our national amusement, and was attracted here merely by — the bewitching beauty of — the place, which is to me always charming, and which I am sorry to say I am obliged immediately to leave for our more northern regions."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Trevelyan to himself. Whether Theresa added "Amen," may be doubtful.

During this conversation, she had remained standing at her guardian's side, Lord Herbert as resolutely maintaining his place at her's, but neither gentleman offered her his arm, and thus, in no small embarrassment, they returned to the dancing-room. When there, the trio still stood for a few minutes together in silence: at length Theresa, in a penitent, subdued, undertone, said to Trevelyan, "Will you not let me take your arm? I am very tired."

This sort of humble petition for reconcilia-

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tion and forgiveness of an offence to which neither could have given a name, and yet of which both were fully sensible in their respective situations of aggriever and aggrieved, was irresistible. Trevelyan again looked on her in kindness; and, as she raised her timid, conscious eyes towards him, the loveliest smile brightened her countenance, on observing that the expression in his had somewhat relaxed.

"If you are so very tired, and indeed you appear to be so," said Trevelyan, again looking at her with contending feelings of hope and fear, "had you not better sit down and rest? There is an empty couch, let us take possession of it."

Theresa directly assented to his proposal, and they repaired to the unoccupied seat, followed however by Lord Herbert, who, having professed that he knew no creature in the room, seemed by that declaration to intimate his right and intention not to leave Theresa's side. The dance began and ended, and another and another

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followed; still there Lord Herbert remained fixed; sometimes, with most provoking perseverance, endeavouring to force Trevelyan into friendly conversation, but oftener, under covert of the music's noise, carrying on a *sotto voce* discourse with Theresa, who again soon forgot her guardian's presence.

Trevelyan at last could no longer endure this trial of his temper and feelings, and, discovering Lady Williams at no great distance, he proposed joining her in the hope of putting an end to the earnest whisperings of his companions. He then informed her that Theresa had no partner, and, the hint being immediately taken, a disengaged young officer was speedily found, too happy to obtain an introduction to the most beautiful girl in the room. The usual forms on such occasions were soon gone through, and as Theresa, little practised in the ways of the world, had no ready excuse to make, she was obliged to accept the proffered hand and arm of her new acquaintance,

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and with him to join the dancers. Lord Herbert then instantly disappeared; and Trevelyan, thoroughly discomposed, sat down by Lady Williams.

"These public balls are very bad things," said he, after a pause of some minutes. "I wonder you patronise them."

"If they were often repeated, they would certainly become tiresome," replied Lady Williams, "but occasionally they are amusing enough, from that very mixture of company of which poor Mrs. Hopkins complains so much, for she was here this minute in a terrible taking, because she spied out Simpson, the retired upholsterer."

"Are you much acquainted with him?" continued Trevelyan, after another pause, during which, instead of listening to Lady Williams, he had been ruminating on Lord Herbert's intimacy with Theresa.

"Much *acquainted* with him?" replied Lady Williams laughing; "no, I cannot say we

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have had much intercourse since he furnished my house twenty years ago."

Trevelyan stared. "I was talking of Lord Herbert Leslie;" said he with some embarrassment, "have you known him long?"

"Lord Herbert Leslie! why I never heard you name him! No, I can't say I know much of him, for we only made his acquaintance this last summer. Sir Henry fell in with him one day when he was fishing, and as you know we accuse him of knowing everybody's father," she added, laughing, "of course he soon discovered he had once been acquainted with Lord Falkirk, and so he asked Lord Herbert to dinner. But I don't know whom he is with here to-night, for I was not even aware of his being in this part of the world, or I should certainly have proposed to him to join our party, for he seems a particularly gentleman-like, agreeable young man."

Trevelyan made no remark on the commendatory part of Lady Williams's speech, and they

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continued together in silence; the former entirely engrossed by his reflections, and the latter in that sort of trance into which unfortunate chaperons are lulled towards the close of a ball.—For it was now growing late, the two dances for which Theresa had been engaged to the young officer were over, but she had not returned; another set was immediately formed, still Theresa did not appear.

"It is long past one," said Lady Williams to her companion. "Don't you think we had better go in search of Miss Howard, as it is time to be thinking of going home," and they were just leaving their seats for that purpose, when Mrs. Hopkins came bustling towards them, and in a prodigious fluster, addressing Lady Williams,

"God bless you, my dear madam, do tell me if you can, who that very genteel-looking young man is who is dancing with Miss Howard, for it is so odd, nobody seems to know him. There they are—that 's him;

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the gentleman in black just going down the middle."

"Oh, it is Lord Herbert Leslie," replied Lady Williams.

Trevelyan started, and it was all he could do to repress his vexation, for it was but too true Theresa was again dancing with his rival.

"Bless me! Lord Herbert Leslie!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, apparently quite overpowered by the intelligence. "Where in the world does he live? where is he to be found?"

"I really cannot tell," replied Lady Williams; "but if you have any particular reason for wishing to know, perhaps I could find out."

"Could you? Your ladyship would be doing me an incalculable favour — for I was thinking," continued Mrs. Hopkins, her eyes still following Lord Herbert, as if fearful lest such a prize might escape her — "I was thinking that it was a great pity now that I have my nephew, Lord Ladbrook's eldest son, with me,

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and that there are so many nice dancers collected together, not to do a little something, and so I was thinking of a quiet hop at my house to-morrow evening; and first and foremost, I came to request the pleasure of your ladyship's and Sir Henry's company. As for Colonel Trevelyan and Miss Howard, they come of course, for next-door neighbours should not even wait for an invitation, but pop in and out of each other's houses whenever they like."

Had Trevelyan's mind not been otherwise engaged, this intimate popping proposal of Mrs. Hopkins would have made his blood run cold; but at that moment he thought of, he saw, but Theresa, who on her part was evidently too entirely engrossed by her partner to bestow one thought on any thing else.

"Everybody seems delighted at my plan," continued Mrs. Hopkins; "so I really hope we shall have a cheerful little evening, and as I shall be too happy to see any friend of your

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ladyship's or of Colonel Trevelyan's," she added again smiling at him, "I will request you to be so good as distribute these cards among your acquaintance;" and Mrs. Hopkins put into Lady Williams's hands a whole pack of 'Mrs. Hopkins at home—2, Paragon—a little early dance.'—"As for Lord Leslie Herbert," she continued, "since you are so very intimate with him, perhaps you will do me the favour of introducing me to his lordship, and I will then ask him myself in person; and now I must just step down to the bottom of the room to secure Mr. Osbourne of the Guards, and Captain Jones from Hounslow barracks; I shall be back directly, and pray keep your eye on Lord Leslie."

"Really, Mrs. Hopkins," said Lady Williams, now for the first time able to get in a word, "I fear neither Sir Henry nor myself are equal to such dissipation as a ball two nights running, so you must excuse us."

"Oh no, my dear Madam, I can hear of no

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excuses; why, you will meet all your friends, and perhaps, indeed, as it is so near, even Miss Trevelyan may be tempted to look in upon us," continued the persevering Mrs. Hopkins, "and that would indeed be an honour, for I know she is a sad invalid; but just next door, she can't catch cold, and it will be quite a quiet, comfortable sort of hop. I shall not even take up the carpet, and mean only to have Matthews to play on the piano, and tea and cakes, and that sort of thing; so that it will be but a sort of refreshment after to-night, and serve only to unstiffen the young folk; and really it would be such a pity to let so many nice young men slip through one's fingers in a manner, wouldn't it? And there is no saying what another evening may bring about in a certain quarter," added Mrs. Hopkins, looking significantly towards Theresa and her partner, "for every one says they never saw so decided a flirtation as that seems to be. Dear, preserve me! there is Captain Jones going, I fear; I

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must just go and speak to him, so mind and secure Lord Leslie;" and off went Mrs. Hopkins smiling and nodding, as if she had received the most cordial acquiescence to her proposals.

Just then the music stopped, and Theresa, with the downcast looks of a conscious criminal, returned to her party, escorted by Lord Herbert, who did not leave her until he had placed her in Lady Williams's carriage. She said little going home, and Trevelyan uttered not a word. But Sir Henry, always gay and good-humoured, made up for their silence, by commenting largely on all that had passed. When they reached home, Trevelyan got out first.

"As the guardian was present," said Sir Henry, laughing to Theresa, and detaining her by the hand, "I had no responsibility to-night, otherwise, little Miss Flirt, you should not have gone on at the rate you did—one, two, three, four dances, to my knowledge, with a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, be-

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sides whisperings and coquettings in corners, for I had my eye upon you all the time. I now give you up as a bad job, and the bargain between us is fairly broken: so good night, sleep soundly, and do not dream of Highland chieftains more than you can help."

Theresa, forcibly withdrawing her hand, sprang out of the carriage, and had reached her own apartment long before Sir Henry had ceased his jokes about poachers, highwaymen, and hens with young ducks, to which Trevelyan was of course obliged to listen, but which were not calculated to improve either his spirits or his temper.

When Theresa next morning went down to breakfast, she found that her guardian had finished his repast, and, very unlike his usual habit, had already left the drawing-room.

"Well, Theresa!" said Miss Trevelyan, as soon as she appeared, "what accounts shall I have of the ball from you? I do not think Frederick gives a very favourable report of his

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night's amusement, but possibly you and he may have seen it in a different light—so what do you say?"

"Oh! you know I never was at a ball before!" replied Theresa, "so I can be no judge whether it was good or bad."

"But did you like it? Did you find it what you had expected?"

Theresa coloured. "Oh! yes, I suppose so ——"

"And you danced a good deal?" enquired Miss Trevelyan. "Who were your partners?"

"I really do not remember their names; Mrs. Hopkins's nephew was one, but I forget what she called him."

"And I find you met with our aquatic friend, whom we made acquaintance with at Sir Henry Williams's," continued Miss Trevelyan. "Lord Herbert Leslie, I mean. Did you not dance with him?"

"Yes, of course he asked me," said Theresa, averting her face to conceal her still more

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heightened colour. "He could hardly help doing so, when we had spent a whole evening together."

Miss Trevelyan smiled at her young friend's hasty explanation of a circumstance which had not been called in question, but at the same time that she was amused by it, it roused her suspicions, and she felt no doubt that Lord Herbert's attentions had, by flattering her vanity, again exclusively engrossed her. Colonel Trevelyan's very visible depression also corroborated the idea, for the ball had evidently been no scene of pleasure to him, although he had not had courage to inform his sister of all that had passed, as he felt that, by embodying his fears in words, he should impart to them a reality from which he still shrank in dismay.

Miss Trevelyan prudently said no more to Theresa on the subject of her unacknowledged admirer, for, even if her fancy had been again for a minute captivated, or her young head

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turned by his flattering attentions, still she hoped it would prove but a passing fancy, as she could hardly conceive it possible that any one could really be preferred to her all-perfect Frederick. She therefore resolved, instead of lecturing Theresa, to take *him* to task for thus allowing trifles to torment him, and to advise him, by treating her flirtation with his supposed rival as a mere joke, to make her consider it in the same light herself. This advice, however, she had no opportunity to give, before they again all three met, which was not till dinner time, when both her brother and his ward scarcely spoke. Miss Trevelyan more than once gaily rallied them on their ill-humour, endeavouring to restore them to their wonted spirits, but in vain; and, as soon as the repast was over, Colonel Trevelyan, pleading particular business, immediately returned to his own apartment, and did not again join them during the whole evening, while Theresa, on her part, under pretext

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of reading a book whose pages she forgot to turn over, passed it in silent abstraction.

Before long the sounds of music proceeding from the next house, announced that Mrs. Hopkins's "*little hop*" had begun. But how it succeeded, whether Captain Jones or Mr. Osbourne of the guards were secured, and whether Lord Herbert, in the hope of meeting Theresa, made Mrs. Hopkins happy by joining her party, is not known, as neither Colonel Trevelyan and his ward, nor Sir Henry and Lady Williams, were present. Miss Trevelyan was half-inclined to think that her young companion's very evident dejection might be occasioned by their near neighbourhood to an entertainment of which she did not partake, and with her usual unselfish kindness, she was on the point of proposing to Theresa to accompany her to Mrs. Hopkins; but, just as she was summoning courage for the effort, Theresa, with her eyes red and heavy, and complaining of a violent headache, came to wish her good night,

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declaring herself to be quite knocked up, and that nothing but a good night's rest would restore her.

"Indeed, I think you can do no better than go to bed," said Miss Trevelyan, kindly kissing her, "and I trust to-morrow I shall see you quite yourself again; if not," added she smiling, "I give notice I shall not allow you or Frederick to go to any more balls, as they seem to be so particularly unwholesome to both mind and body."

The next morning, however, matters had very little mended, for the same coldness and reserve still continued, and a sudden death-blow appeared to have been mysteriously given to the cheerfulness of this once happy party, their former confidence and affectionate sympathy being exchanged for silence and even suspicion. Trevelyan longed to speak openly to Theresa, in order at once to ascertain the truth, but still felt restrained by his self-inflicted vow of silence, as he did not consider himself at liberty,

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even as a guardian, to pry into her sentiments without making a confession of his own; besides, if he had been hitherto restrained from any such disclosures by honour, he was now still more powerfully deterred by fear, as he dreaded an explanation which might totally crush all his fondest hopes.

Thus passed many days, Lord Herbert was never named, nor did he ever appear. The morning following the ball, he did indeed call, while Trevelyan had strolled out in order to cool his feverish head after a sleepless night, but whether he then asked for the ladies of the family never transpired; for old John knew his duty too well to let any one in to his mistress without positive orders, and Trevelyan on his return home, seeing his card lying on the hall-table, in a moment of irritation, and without asking any questions, threw it hastily into the fire, and thus prevented its ever reaching the drawing-room. Theresa, therefore, remained in total ignorance of Lord Her-

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bert's endeavour to follow up his acquaintance with her; and this seeming neglect on his part probably piqued her vanity, for by degrees the impression which his flattering attentions had evidently made upon her imagination, seemed to wear off; and, as her smiles gradually returned, with them returned Trevelyan's spirits and good-humour. Again the guardian and ward resumed their former social habits, and once more were Theresa's joyous laugh and melodious voice heard gladdening their fire-side.

But still they could not return to that happy open confidence which had formerly existed between them, and in which the happiness of both seemed then to consist. Theresa's timid altered manner, which Trevelyan had a short time back fancied to betoken feelings the most congenial to his own, now pained and irritated him as a proof of dislike to himself, in consequence of preference to another; and if, still at times deluded by

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his passion, he momentarily gave way to hope, it was of too feeble, too transient, a nature to subdue his apprehensions, and therefore only increased the nervous excitement in which he lived. He had on principle tutored his tongue, but he could not exercise equal power over his eyes, and he was well aware that they often spoke a language which now could not possibly be mistaken by Theresa; but yet he hardly knew how to interpret the downcast looks and varying colours with which she replied to it, or what meaning to give to the deep-drawn sighs which he observed invariably to follow these their *silent* conversations.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile the generous glowing breast,
Where nature MAN'S high name imprest,
Where honour tramples fraud;
Superior to the sing-song lyre,
Shall swell in secret, as the choir
Deludingly applaud. *Old Song.*

THE severity of the winter was now over, and one day towards the end of February, Trevelyan received the following letter from his uncle Lord Launceston.

"MY DEAR FREDERICK,—Of course you are aware that on the 26th of next month my son comes of age. It is my particular wish to celebrate this event with all the distinction

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which I consider to be due to the future head of our family, and, flattering myself that you and my niece have inherited with the *name* a sufficient share of the old-fashioned aristocratic *feeling* of the House of Trevelyan, to be inclined to make some exertion for the sake of doing honour to your cousin, I am induced to hope that neither the length of the journey nor Miss Trevelyan's delicacy of health, will deprive us of the pleasure of your company at Trevelyan Castle on that auspicious day.

"St. Ives is anxious to make your acquaintance, and I think I may venture to promise you some degree of personal gratification in his, since, independently of any feelings of parental partiality, he is generally considered, I am proud to say, as bidding fair to be a worthy representative of the distinguished, indeed I may add, *historical* family of Trevelyan; my neighbours both in this and the adjoining county, (in which you know I have also much property,) have all expressed

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the pleasure with which they will obey my summons, and of course all my relations and connexions will attend on the 26th. So that you will find no contemptible party to meet you.

"As I learn that my niece still retains with her that young person whom she has, I must say, so injudiciously, taken under her protection, and understanding that she does not like to be long absent from home on her account, I beg to include her in the invitation, as I trust you and your sister will make us a visit proportionable in length to the journey you have to take. Augusta begs her kind remembrances to you and her cousin—and I am your sincere

"LAUNCESTON."

This letter might have been considered by many, less acquainted with the peculiarities of Lord Launceston's character than Trevelyan, as an affront rather than a civility, for it certainly appeared by it as if he thought the honour and

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gratification to result from the proposed meeting between the relatives would be entirely on the side of Colonel Trevelyan and his sister. But the former was well aware that, when dwelling thus on his own importance, distinctions, and possessions, his uncle meant to do honour to those who had the good fortune to be so nearly allied to him, and also felt, that it was impossible, without very good reasons, to refuse compliance with Lord Launceston's wishes on such an occasion. But at the same time that he made up his mind to accept the invitation, he resolved upon not going alone, as he was quite determined that he would not leave Theresa a second time at the mercy of highwaymen and river-pirates.

The ungracious manner in which she was named by Lord Launceston was what most irritated his feelings and his pride; but, situated as he was, he had but a choice of evils, and he therefore preferred overlooking

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the affront both for himself and Theresa, to parting with his precious charge. It was no easy task to persuade Miss Trevelyan to accede to this proposed journey into Cornwall, for her health was so much impaired, and her spirits were in consequence so weak, that she shrank from such exertions, dreading every thing which disturbed the monotonous repose of her life; but Trevelyan urged his suit so vehemently, representing in such strong terms what was due from them to their uncle, and the great advantage that might accrue to Theresa from the good will of Lord Launceston and his daughter, which he was sure could not fail to be the consequence of their acquaintance with her, that at last Miss Trevelyan, who was the most unselfish of mortals, no longer objected.

Theresa was duly informed of this general invitation from Lord Launceston and Lady Augusta, and of the intention of accepting it, without, however, being permitted to peruse the

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letter itself. She did not appear, at first, at all to rejoice at this projected expedition, as neither the aristocratic father, nor his well-educated daughter, had found particular favour in her eyes, and she therefore anticipated little pleasure in the intended visit; but, when Trevelyan mentioned that Lord Launceston's object in collecting all his friends and relations together on the 26th was to celebrate his son's coming of age, and that a large party, and gay doings would in consequence take place, Theresa seemed on a sudden to see the affair in a new light, and now, instead of bringing forward difficulties and objections, she assisted her guardian in overcoming those of his sister.

Time was, when Trevelyan would have boldly inquired into the secret cause of such a sudden change of inclination; time was when Theresa herself would have volunteered revealing her motives—when, indeed, Trevelyan would have read them in her open heart, and artless countenance without the help of expla-

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natory words—but such delightful confidence no longer existed between them. Indeed, Trevelyan himself now as carefully shunned all such explanations as Theresa appeared to elude them. And at last, after in vain seeking in his own mind some reason for her present unlooked-for zeal and anxiety on the subject, he (although not without a sigh at thus detecting in her character a degree of frivolity to which he had thought her superior) attributed her apparent strong anticipation of pleasure in this visit solely to that love of amusement and novelty, which is, after all, but natural in youth; and he ended by rejoicing at the bright smiles and joyous spirits which, indicating, he hoped, an unscathed heart, once more cheered his soul.

Thus, in restored gaiety and good humour, the guardian and ward set off on their expedition to Cornwall. Miss Trevelyan's spirits could not at all keep pace with those of her two companions. She had not been at

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Trevelyan Castle since quite a girl, the unfortunate coolness between her father and Lord Launceston having put an end to all friendly intercourse between the families for many years previous to the death of the former; and as she drew near the end of her journey, and each once well-known hill, valley, and turn of road met her eye, she became more and more affected. How strange! how dreamy! are our feelings when we thus, after an interval of many years, revisit the haunt of our first youth. Every inanimate object so precisely the same, and yet every thing (and most of all ourselves) so changed!

To one as prone "to chew the cud of sad reflection" as Miss Trevelyan, this return, at forty-five, to what had been to her a second home when fifteen, could not fail to produce abstraction and depression. The forms of parents, sisters, friends (now all mouldering in the dust), who had once been the inhabitants of that home which she now saw filled by another race, rose

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up before her in sad array—intervening years and events all vanished, and, as she entered each well-remembered apartment, she unconsciously looked round for those who had formerly occupied them, and could almost have fancied she heard their footsteps. Thus she passed many days so wholly engrossed by the recollections of by-gone years that her mind was hardly at liberty to attend to what was passing around her.

Lady Augusta was civil to all, because it was right and proper that she, as mistress of the house, should be hospitable, but as such attentions seemed to be rather the effects of calculation than of feeling, they were generally bestowed in exact proportion to the claims which her guests had upon her civility, either in consequence of their rank or consanguinity. Her welcome of her cousin Colonel Trevelyan was of course particularly flattering, and his sister, being likewise one of her nearest relations, also came in for an unusual share of

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her kindness; but as for poor Theresa, a cold, distant curtesy was all she obtained, Lady Augusta having, to all appearance, in her reception of the despised orphan, followed the example set by Lord Launceston, who after shaking his nephew and niece heartily by the hand, turned formally to Theresa, and inquiring in a very audible whisper of Trevelyan her name, which he affected to have forgotten, dryly "hoped Miss Howard was well."

At the sight of Theresa's confusion Trevelyan had nearly again darted out at the hall-door, but, certain that before long all this proud systematic coldness would give way to the charm of her beauty and manner, he resolved to take all in good part, and lecture his sensitive charge with regard to exercising the same forbearance herself. The fatigue of the journey, and the still more fatiguing bustle of a large assemblage of company, affected Miss Trevelyan's health so much, that she was soon compelled to seek repose and quiet in her own

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apartment; for the party collected at the castle was already numerous, although neither the hero of the moment, young Lord St. Ives, nor many a still expected guest, had yet arrived.

This indisposition of Miss Trevelyan, which confined her for several days, naturally threw her brother and his ward still more together than they otherwise would have been, for she now clung to him as to her only friend. To him she addressed all her remarks, to him confided all her little distresses. He was her constant companion in their walks, her squire in their rides; and when her speaking eyes invited him to the seat next to her at dinner, he, nothing loth, obeyed their bewitching summons, often relinquishing for it the *place d'honneur* at his cousin's side, in seemingly total unconsciousness of her very decided partiality.

And this even more than usual intercourse with her guardian, into which Theresa was by circumstances thrown on their first arrival at

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Trevelyan Castle, she seemed voluntarily to continue even after her peculiarly prepossessing manners and appearance had interested every one (exceping Lady Augusta) in her favour. A very short time indeed had elapsed before she had many an admirer, and might have had many a declared lover, had she given them any encouragement; but such admiration, instead of gratifying, seemed rather to annoy, and its only effect was to provoke her ridicule, and induce her to avoid those who professed it. In short, Trevelyan, the now again happy Trevelyan, appeared to be the only being who found favour in her eyes, the only one whose attentions did not seem to be positively disagreeable to her. With what pleasure did he then listen to his sister's raillery on his former jealous fancies, and her fond encomiums on his young charge for being thus superior to that heartless vanity which ever aims at inspiring feelings that cannot be returned.

But, had Trevelyan had courage to examine

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the ground on which his present happiness rested, he would have been forced to acknowledge to himself that his hopes were built but on an unsteady foundation. For kind, friendly, and communicative as Theresa was now to him, yet he could not but be aware that even in his seemingly preferred society she was not happy. Her lately restored cheerfulness had gradually died away; she was often for hours silent and abstracted, while a certain restlessness of look and manner plainly indicated the constant expectation of a something which was never realized; and if at first the Richmond ball had fallen short of what she had anticipated, still more did the visit to Trevelyan Castle appear to have ended in disappointment.

Above a week had now elapsed since their arrival, each day having brought some change or addition to the society at the castle, but Lord St. Ives had not yet made his appearance, being still at a friend's house in the neighbourhood. At last, one afternoon, when

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the whole party had gone up stairs to dress for dinner, a carriage drove up to the door, and on enquiring of his servant what new visiters were come, Trevelyan was informed that it was the young heir and two other gentlemen with him. As soon as he was dressed, Trevelyan went down stairs in order to be introduced to his cousin) whom he had not seen since he was quite a child) before the rest of the party were assembled. On entering the drawing-room he, however, found many of the guests there already, but Lord St. Ives had not yet made his appearance.

At last, the door leading from Lord Launceston's private apartment opened, and the father and son entered arm-in-arm. "Well, here he is—here he is!" exclaimed the former as he exultingly looked around for the congratulations of all his friends. "And first and foremost, Frederick," said he, beckoning to Trevelyan, "come here to me, that I may regularly introduce you to my boy."

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The cousins heartily shook hands, and said and did all that cousins should or could say and do on such an occasion. "Now, have I said too much about him?" demanded the proud parent, as he observed a smile of satisfaction on Trevelyan's countenance, "and I assure you the more you know of him the more you will approve."

"Oh! spare me, my dear sir," said St. Ives, "it is really not fair to begin by making my relations laugh at me, and now that Colonel Trevelyan and I are acquainted, allow me to introduce my two friends to you;" and so saying he went in search of his companions, while Trevelyan turned to speak to Mr. Penrhyn, a distant connection of the Launceston family, who had also arrived that afternoon at the castle.

They were discussing the young heir's appearance, prospects, and attainments, when suddenly a name caught Trevelyan's attention, which seemed instantly to act like an electric

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shock upon all his senses; he turned hastily round in hopes that his ears might have deceived him, but was not allowed to doubt another minute, for, as his eyes searched eagerly in the direction from which the sound had proceeded, they fell on the dreaded Lord Herbert Leslie, whom St. Ives was at that moment presenting to his father. Theresa herself did not start more violently on recognising him at the Richmond ball than Trevelyan did now. In vain Mr. Penrhyn continued addressing him; he heard not a word but continued staring at his hated rival in stupified vexation. Lord Herbert at length turned towards Trevelyan, and, immediately recognising him, accosted him with the familiarity of an acknowledged acquaintance.

"I believe you two need no introduction," said St. Ives, who had, with some surprise, observed Trevelyan to draw back, "for I understand you and my friend Leslie have met before at Richmond."

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Trevelyan murmured something about the pleasure and honour of a former acquaintance, but the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"You have been here some time, I believe," said Lord Herbert, with most provoking ease of manner. "I too hoped to have come much sooner, but St. Ives is so dreadfully-popular, it was impossible to get him away from his friends before. Miss Howard is quite well, I trust, for I believe she accompanied you into Cornwall?"

Trevelyan dryly assented, and then, taking the first opportunity to disengage himself from his companion, fell back into a more distant part of the room, in order to compose his agitated feelings, and also, unobserved, to judge of the effect produced upon his ward by this unexpected appearance of her admirer.

Before long she entered, accompanied by Miss Trevelyan. As her quick eyes eagerly glanced round the room, they immediately discovered Lord Herbert, and in their unequivocal

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expression Trevelyan read the death-warrant to all his happiness. So violent was the agitation occasioned by this sudden apparition, that, for an instant, the blood entirely forsook Theresa's cheeks, but when Lord Herbert, on recognizing her, instantly hastened to her side, it returned with a glow such as Trevelyan had never before witnessed.—His heart sickened—his head became confused—and he stood fixed in his place, unconscious of every thing around him.

He was at last roused from this painful trance by the announcement of dinner, and mechanically followed the rest into the adjoining apartment. Whether Theresa that day looked round for her usual companion we cannot tell, but when Trevelyan, in fearful anxiety to ascertain his fate, glanced his eyes round the table, he beheld her at the further end, Lord Herbert at her side, and her countenance brilliant with happiness. Once, and but once, during dinner, their eyes met;—a burning blush instantly confessed

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that Theresa was aware of all that his might say — that she merited their keenest reproaches. And, in that one hasty glance, they who but a few hours before had appeared to live only for each other now seemed by mutual consent to take a final leave; for Trevelyan never again looked towards her, nor ever, during the evening which followed, approached the spot where she was; Lord Herbert the while so entirely and determinately monopolising her society, that, even had she wished for any intercourse with another, it would have been next to impossible.

What a change had those few hours made in Trevelyan's existence! He had risen that morning, welcoming with gratitude the sun which was to shine on Theresa's beloved countenance, counting the hours of ecstasy which he was to pass at her side; and ere that sun had set, all his hopes of happiness seemed about to set for ever with it, and to leave him in the darkness of despair.

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Miss Trevelyan was not blind to all that was now passing: she had with pain observed Theresa's emotion on the appearance of Lord Herbert, and, inexperienced as she was in such matters, she began to suspect that he had made a deeper impression on her young friend's heart than she had before been willing to think possible—and each day, each hour, indeed, now confirmed her fears. She tried every expedient to interrupt the intercourse between them, and attract Theresa's attention to other objects; but it is as easy to stop the impetuous course of a mountain-torrent as to check that of passion, when once the soul has unawares yielded to its influence.

Miss Trevelyan even ventured so far as to speak to Theresa on the subject, warning her to be on her guard against a species of admiration, which, often prompted by the mere vanity of him who professes it, only lures into mortification and misery the un-

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conscious dupe to whom it is addressed. But to all this Theresa listened with impatient incredulity; her heart told her a very different tale, and, impelled by a fascination which she was both unwilling and unable to resist, she each day became more and more entangled in the snare, and more estranged from him whose whole soul was devoted to her, and whose heart she was breaking. Theresa could not now but be aware of this, for one single page in the history of love, when perused by ourselves, teaches us volumes as to the feelings of others. He too, whom she was thus afflicting, was one whose heart lay open to her; and who, until her's was engrossed by a more powerful sentiment, had been the object of her dearest affections, her warmest gratitude, and most ardent admiration; one whose superiority to all around she still could not but acknowledge, and whose altered, suffering countenance, whenever it met her eye, occasioned many a pang of remorse to her

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heart, even while her deluded ear rang with Lord Herbert's professions.

Miss Trevelyan often sought opportunities to speak to her brother, but he shunned all conversation with her nearly as much as with Theresa, for, although what he most dreaded was hearing from her lips a confirmation of his fears, yet in his present state of mind, he felt that even their contradiction would irritate his feelings. He, therefore, in order to avoid as much as possible all intercourse with those who had but a short time back formed his whole felicity, took violently to every species of country-sport, and thus, in desperation, abandoned the field to his rival.

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CHAPTER IX.

The crew with many a mimic strain,
Will mock, perchance, its honest pain;
And thou, bewildered thou,
Drunk with the cup thou long'st to taste,
Ruled by thine evil planet, haste
To spurn a precious vow.

Old Song.

THE whole scene and society at Trevelyan Castle seemed on a sudden to be as much changed since the arrival of Lord St. Ives and his young companions, as Trevelyan himself, and the part which he played in it. Lady Augusta, as mistress of the house, was attentive to the amusement of her guests, but, beyond driving them out in the morning, and setting them down to cards in the

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evening, she had little power of entertaining them, and the party had, in consequence, been hitherto dull and formal enough. But now all was life and gaiety. Every possible game and pastime was immediately set a-going, and every evening the younger part of the company amused themselves with music and dancing. Augusta had always before herself made up her father's whist-party, but her brother, ridiculing her old-fashioned gravity, and insisting on her joining the dancers, she at last applied to Trevelyan to take her place at the card-table. To refuse was impossible; besides, in his present melancholy mood, he rather welcomed an occupation which afforded him an excuse for silence and abstraction.

Many an evening, therefore, did Trevelyan now thus pass, fixed at his post, while Theresa, in the adjoining room, was freely partaking of that gaiety with which all but himself seemed inspired. At times, when his ear caught the

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sounds of her well-known voice, or he heard that joyous laugh which had once cheered his very soul, forgetting for a moment all that had occurred, he still experienced a passing thrill of delight; but such flattering illusions were soon dispelled, and a deep-drawn sigh was the sad echo to her light-hearted merriment.

One evening, while the usual whist-party was going on in the inner drawing-room, the dancing in the next seemed suddenly to cease, and at length, even the din of voices dying away, scarcely a sound was to be heard.

"Why, surely St. Ives must be gone to sleep," said Lord Launceston, "and I suppose the whole party has followed his example, for I have not heard the house so quiet since his arrival. What can they be all about?"

In an instant, however, Theresa's rich melodious voice, carolling the Neapolitan "Barcarola," broke the silence. At the first well-known chord of that song, Trevelyan gave

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such a sudden and violent start, that his hand actually sounded on the table.

"Why, my dear Colonel, what are you about?" said Lord Launceston. "It is not your turn, for you know you are last in hand."

Trevelyan, much confused, hastily took up his card, but the next moment being called upon to play, he again laid it down, without having ever looked at it, or even noticed those already on the board."

"What! no trumps, Frederick?" again exclaimed Lord Launceston, who was his partner. "That's very strange! And now I think of it you must have one, for you were dealer, and this is the first time they have been led;" and Lord Launceston looked in much astonishment at the perturbed countenance of his nephew, who in vain endeavoured, by pressing his hand on his brow, to collect his wandering thoughts, for still those cruel notes rang in his ears, and seemed to deprive him of his senses.

"I suspect you have knocked yourself up

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shooting, Colonel," continued his uncle, "for I understand you have been out all day, and this passion is new, I think, for I do not remember that you used to be so keen a sportsman; indeed, till St. Ives came, you appeared contented with the more quiet occupation of gallanting the ladies when they went out riding. But I suspect," he added laughing, "that Miss Howard has found another squire—hey? It is no business of mine," he continued, "but I must say I think your young lady seems to be but a dangerous sort of person in society, as she appears to have a prodigious turn for what is called flirting."

Trevelyan said nothing, pretending to be wholly engrossed by the game, but continued to make all sorts of strange blunders.

"Well, my good friend," said his uncle to him when the party broke up, "I certainly cannot compliment you on your skill at cards to-night, and yet, I should say, that whist is a sort of hereditary game in our family. My father

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was a capital player, and I must confess I think it a very gentlemanlike amusement, and one in which no one need be ashamed to excel. But come, let us now go and see what these madcaps are doing in the next room."

So saying, Lord Launceston took his nephew's arm, and led him towards the pianoforte, at which Theresa was still seated, Lord Herbert at her side. This was more than Trevelyan could endure, and suddenly disengaging himself from his uncle, he left the apartment before she was even aware of his presence.

In the hall he was met by his sister — she eagerly came up to him, and taking his arm, "Come to my room, Frederick," said she, "for I want to speak to you, and I never now can have an opportunity."

"I know what you would say," said he, drawing away. "I know it all but too well, so spare me, I implore you." Still Miss Tre-

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velyan urged him to a few minutes' conversation, and he at last complied.

"Frederick," said she, as soon as they had reached her apartment, "let us immediately return to Richmond — I see the misery you are enduring. But, perhaps, it may still not be too late, for believe me, it is but a momentary infatuation, which will pass away and be forgotten; and indeed, I must say, you are yourself very much to blame, for why do you so entirely withdraw yourself, and quietly abandon Theresa to your rival?"

"Because, Louisa," said he, with vehemence, "my heart is too proud to dispute her's with another — too weak to combat with her very evident partiality for that other. Besides, what can I say to her, of which she is not fully aware already. I surely need not now tell her what she must long since have read in my every look and action — that my whole soul — my very existence is her's. Is such an affection as mine

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to be expressed by common-place compliments and empty protestations? No, no, if her own heart does not yet plead for me, it is useless to plead for myself."

"Then let us immediately leave this place," said Miss Trevelyan, hastily interrupting him, "and rescue Theresa from the danger to which she is exposed; I will make any excuse you like for returning home—plead illness—take it all, in short, on myself."

"No, no," replied Trevelyan, "we cannot possibly go away till after the celebration of St. Ives' birthday; but that event will now take place in a very few days—and then—Heaven knows what then may happen!"

"Oh! Theresa will then soon forget all this bewildering adulation," resumed Miss Trevelyan; "her head is certainly at this minute turned by it, yet I cannot but hope that her natural good sense will finally get the better, and that this foolish fancy of her's will again die away, as it did before, when no longer in Lord Herbert's society; for after all

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it is merely one of those passing flirtations which any inexperienced girl may be drawn into."

"No, Louisa," rejoined Trevelyan with quickness; "it is no passing flirtation; would to heaven I could hope it were! I could almost add, would to heaven I could think so poorly of her as to believe it to be possible! but I can read her very inmost soul, and there trace but too plainly the strong, the indelible characters of passion."

And Trevelyan was right—Theresa was no flirt. She was too artless even to attempt to conceal with what heartfelt pleasure she received Lord Herbert's attentions, but she as decidedly showed she cared for no other. And her vanity had been put to many a trial; for even St. Ives, captivated by her beauty and fascinating manners, soon entered the lists against his friend, and so boldly, that many a bet was laid that the light-hearted young heir of all those rich domains would undoubtedly remain conqueror.

But those who thus judged of Theresa by

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the common calculations of the world had to pay for their want of discernment, for, after a short ineffectual contest, St. Ives, in despair of success, relinquished the prize to his more favoured antagonist, and thus relieved his father from the most dreadful anxiety; for, ever on the watch with regard to what concerned his family importance, Lord Launceston had soon taken alarm on observing his son's admiration for the illegitimate orphan, and was beginning to tremble for the as yet untainted Right Honourable blood of the Trevelyans.

The day at length arrived on which the young heir's majority was to be celebrated; the sun shone with peculiar brightness, the bells rang gaily, and from early morn all was preparation and bustle. The tenants and their families were to partake of a plentiful repast on the lawn before the house, where tents had been pitched for that purpose. Oxen were roasted whole, barrels of ale flowed in all directions, and, in short, every species of old

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English hospitality and profusion, usual on such occasions, was liberally displayed. By two o'clock the whole front of the house presented a gay scene of joy and festivity, all the company then at the castle being assembled on the great flight of steps to witness the sight. As soon as the solid part of the repast was over, the health of the young heir was of course drunk with three times three and every demonstration of joy. As Lord Launceston heard the shouts of all around, and felt in consequence that emotion which a parent must on such occasions feel, he, unwilling to attribute the general enthusiasm in any degree to the effects of beef and ale, seemed to forget that there were other peers, or heirs to peerages, besides himself and his son; and in fancied superiority he looked proudly around for the congratulations of his friends, and the adulation of his dependents; in short, to use the phraseology of the East, the loud hurras entering in at the gate of his titles, proceeded up the long avenue of his

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ancestors and thus reaching his heart, brought tears to his eyes. Of course the health of Lord Launceston and the Lady Augusta followed, and were noticed with due honours.

A pause then took place in the toast-giving business of the day; and St. Ives, leaving his father's side, joined the party in the tent, where, after a short parley between him and the land-steward, who had hitherto presided at the festive board, he took his place at the head of the table. All now looked with encreased spirit to their young Lord. "Come, my friends," said he, "a bumper up to the brim, for I am going to give you a toast, in which I am sure you will all most heartily join." There was a moment's dead silence, St. Ives holding his glass in the air. Then, while his cheek crimsoned with emotion, he called aloud—

"Colonel Trevelyan, and the brave army of England!"

Whether the additional glasses of good home-brewed ale which had been quaffed since the

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last health was given had added to the general excitement, or whether the hearts of Englishmen are always most powerfully affected by any reference to the services of their gallant countrymen, we cannot pretend to say, but the cheers which followed this toast were still more loud, more reiterated, and more enthusiastic, than any of those which had preceded it, and young St. Ives, now standing on his chair, encouraged the joyous din by his hearty vehemence. Every inhabitant of the castle and neighbourhood having been assembled, in order to be present at this long looked-for fête, Theresa and Trevelyan were of course both among the number, and as these shouts rent the air, forgetting in the pride of the moment what had lately occurred, and her heart swelling with grateful affection towards the object of all this enthusiasm, Theresa instinctively looked round towards her guardian. Their eyes met—his too were moistened by emotion—but his cheek was pale, his

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lip quivered, and, shrinking hastily back among the crowd, he disappeared in a moment.

"Where is he? where is Colonel Trevelyan?" shouted the gay St. Ives. "What a shabby dog not to show himself, and face his well-deserved honours! A price on his head; dead or alive bring him before me."

But no Trevelyan appeared, and he was searched for in vain.

"I know this is quite according to the new school of military modesty," said Lord Herbert to Theresa with a smile of contempt. "But for *modesty*, in such cases, I would read *pride*, abominable selfish pride. Why should Colonel Trevelyan be above returning thanks for the hearty expressions of good-will and respect from these honest people; not to mention St. Ives' very flattering compliment to him? Why seem to take offence at these distinctions which, after all, every military man is prodigiously affronted if he does not obtain?"

Theresa's accusing heart told her that the

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strong emotion which she had seen painted in Trevelyan's countenance was the effect neither of pride nor humility, but that she herself had been its cause; and this unjust attack upon one whom she loved and admired, although made by Lord Herbert himself, roused all her better feelings. "You little know Colonel Trevelyan," said she warmly, her heart still beating with emotion; "if you can suppose him capable of any other feelings than those of kindness and good-will to every one."

"No, indeed, I certainly do not know him," replied Lord Herbert sarcastically, "if *your* description of him is a true one, for kindness and good-will are certainly not what I have ever experienced from him; on the contrary, from the very first he has treated me with the most marked coldness and dislike — met me armed with prejudice against me, and all this without the slightest cause, or any provocation on my part whatever, except, indeed, that I have presumed (if that is a crime) 'to gaze

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on the same bright particular star,' and to admire what he admires; for such is his reserve, (as you call it) in other words, his pride and selfishness, that it seems he expects to monopolize to himself everything that is charming, and will allow no one to have ears or eyes but himself: now is it not so, Miss Howard?"

Theresa was silent. She was well aware of the full meaning of these words, but, her best feelings being just then uppermost, her thoughts in self-condemnation still dwelt on the ghastly smile and contracted brow which had spoken such daggers to her heart, and she was, in consequence, at the moment half inclined to be angry even with Lord Herbert.

Her stricken conscience had given her the true interpretation of Trevelyan's feelings. Amid the joyousness which surrounded him, he had thought so little of himself as likely to have any individual concern in the scene, that, when his own name and the shouts which followed it suddenly sounded

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in his ears, he was for an instant bewildered, and, impelled by the emotion of the moment, naturally turned towards her who had now for so long been associated in his mind with his every feeling of personal pride and exultation. When his eyes, then, met those of Theresa fixed upon him, and he fancied he read in them the kindest expression of affection, a gleam of happiness for an instant again flashed over his soul; but the sight of his hated rival at her side as quickly dissolved that momentary illusion, and the revulsion of feeling which he then experienced was more than he could endure. He forcibly made his way through the crowd, and long before the sounds of the reiterated cheers had died away, dashing down a path which led to the wood, he was lost in its solitude, giving free vent to the bitterness of his soul.

Every one surely must have experienced at some period or other of their lives the almost unbearable effect of such an exciting scene

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as that at which Trevelyan had just been present, when the mind is suffering from some secret sorrow. For each gay shout of enthusiasm which strikes the ear, then vibrates painfully on the heart, and only rouses it to a keener sense of its own wretchedness. So it was with Trevelyan; and, not having courage again to expose himself to the trial, he wandered about alone till dinner-time, a prey to the most gloomy reflections. Every path, every road, every habitation, seemed totally deserted; and had it not been for the faint sound of the distant hilarity occasionally borne on the wind, and still more for the painful impression left on his mind, the gay busy scene at which he had so lately been present would have appeared to him as the mere phantasy of a dream.

He did not enter the dining-room until the company had assembled, when he at once took possession of the first vacant chair; and, chance placing him at a different table from that at which Theresa and Lord Herbert were seated,

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and where St. Ives presided, he thus avoided all remarks on his sudden disappearance in the morning. Luckily too for him the party that day was so large that it was not difficult to avoid observation. More than once, at the beginning of dinner, Theresa had inquired after Trevelyan, for she felt him as a weight at her heart; but when relieved from all actual anxiety about him by hearing that he was in the dining-room, her mind then returned to the joyous scene in which she was engaged; and when thus placed at the side of him to whom her whole soul was devoted, and to whom she was conscious of being the object of the most ardent admiration—was it wonderful that, before long, she again thought no more of her absent friend?

As soon as the repast was over, Trevelyan had again recourse to his solitary walk, finding a strange sort of pleasure in the nervous shiver which crept over his frame when exposed to the keen night air, as he felt it to be in chilling unison with the misery of his heart. The lateness

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of the hour at length warned him to return to the house. As he approached it, he beheld each window glittering with the gay illumination within and without, and heard the sounds of music and dancing. Half ashamed of his sullenness, he entered the ball-room, and, concealing himself amid the crowd of spectators, looked anxiously around for her whose image had never once that day been absent from his mind. But although he examined each set of dancers, still Theresa was no where to be seen. He crossed the ball-room, and entered the adjoining apartment; near the door he suddenly discovered her, and his sister at her side. He was nearly close to them before he was aware of their vicinity; and now, actually startled at the sight of the very person who had been the object of his eager search—he stood fixed to the spot without courage either to advance or retire.

Miss Trevelyan seemed in earnest conversation with her companion, whose eyes were fixed

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on the ground, but whose countenance and demeanour plainly indicated agitation and embarrassment. Oh, how Trevelyan longed to read in her heart, and ascertain whether it was one feeling of compunction, of pity, for his sufferings which then saddened her lovely brow. Still their conversation continued, and at length Miss Trevelyan, speaking with increased earnestness, but in so low a voice that he could not catch the words, laid her hand on her young friend's arm. Theresa raised her head as if to reply, but as she then turned her eyes towards Miss Trevelyan, they fell upon her guardian. At the sight of him, she instantly averted her face, and, the next minute covering it with her hand, she abruptly rose from her seat, and left the room.

Miss Trevelyan, who had not observed her brother's entrance, and who was therefore ignorant of the cause of this sudden flight, immediately followed, leaving him bewildered by contending feelings; at one minute resolv-

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ing to seek his ward, and demand the explanation of an emotion, which, in spite of himself, had again revived his hopes; at another, almost tempted, in the character of her guardian, to speak to Lord Herbert, and thus bring his own fate to a crisis.

Above an hour elapsed, and still neither Theresa nor his sister appeared. Trevelyan at length returned to the ball-room, and, at the further end, seated in the recess of a window, he immediately distinguished the object of his anxious thoughts. Lord Herbert was at her side, and he seemed to be earnestly expostulating with her, while Theresa, with her eyes fixed on the ground, listened in agitated abstraction. Trevelyan felt that he now needed no further explanation, and, hastily leaving the scene of gaiety, he took refuge in the solitude of his own room.

Few of the performers in the entertainment, which was protracted to a late hour, appeared

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at breakfast next morning, and, on inquiring for his sister, Trevelyan was informed that she was too unwell to leave her bed. He and Theresa did not meet till dinner-time, when not a word, not a look, was exchanged between them; indeed, as if by mutual consent, they both seemed to avoid all possibility of intercourse. Determined on concealing, if possible, the state of his mind, Trevelyan assumed a gaiety which he certainly did not feel, and, the better to play his self-imposed part, freely joined in the hilarity of all around. More than once Theresa was startled by his unusually elevated voice and unnatural laughter; for such false spirits could not deceive her, whatever they might others, as she was but too well aware both of their nature and cause. At each burst of forced merriment, a pang of remorse shot through her heart; but still she had not courage to free herself from the bondage of

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passion, and cease to torture one whom yet she loved with even more than a sister's tenderness.

The whole party that evening declared themselves to be too completely knocked up by the fatigues of the preceding day to attempt any active amusements. Some took to their books, over which they slumbered; others yawned through the newspapers, or lounged in total idleness on the sofas. Trevelyan was, as usual, summoned by Lady Augusta to her father's whist-table, and Lord Herbert challenged Theresa at chess. The men were all set in due order, and the game began, but, though the hands of both combatants shaded their brows in the attitude of deep calculation, it was soon very evident that the game before them had ceased to be the object of speculation, and that it was no longer to his *enemy's King* that Lord Herbert was offering *check*. His eyes were eagerly fixed on the varying counte-

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nance of his antagonist, as in unconscious abstraction, she hurried the monarch of the board from place to place, with a degree of indecorous activity, which would have made Philidor's hair stand on end.

Such was the position of the game when the whist-party broke up, and one glance at the supposed contending chess-players sufficed to inform Trevelyan that his doom was finally sealed.

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CHAPTER X.

Farewell thou false fair, whom I will not upbraid,
I've loved thee too long to be loud when betrayed;
Live rage in the bosom where triumph could reign,
When I trusted thy smiles, I was happy, not vain;
My peace thou hast injured, not wounded my pride,
And affection as yet cannot learn to subside.

Old Song.

MISS TREVELYAN was so much indisposed for some days after the birthday festivities, as to be unable to leave her room, and her brother felt too well convinced that neither of them could have anything agreeable to communicate to the other, to run the risk of uselessly agitating her by seeking an interview. Hearing, however, at length that she was much better, he repaired one

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morning to her apartment in order to make some arrangements with her respecting their return home, the day on which they had fixed for leaving Trevelyan Castle being now nearly arrived.

On opening the door Trevelyan started back, for the first object which met his eyes was Theresa—and Theresa alone!—She changed colour and seemed much embarrassed, but, after a moment's silence, while still continuing to stoop over the table as if much engaged in folding up some letters, "Miss Trevelyan," said she, "is a great deal better to-day; she is gone down to speak to Lady Augusta, but will, I dare say, be back directly."

Trevelyan stood for a minute at the door, irresolute what to do; but at last he entered and closed it after him. It was many a day since he and Theresa had been *tête-à-tête*, many a day, indeed, since they had even spoken to each other, and the hearts of both beat nearly to suffocation. There was a dead

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silence for some minutes. At length Theresa appearing in some degree to recover herself, although speaking with unusual hurry, said, "Treevy is gone, I believe, to ask Lord Launceston to alter a frank which he has by mistake dated for the second, to-day being the third of April."

"The third of April," repeated Trevelyan with quickness; "true, true, so it is," and there was again a pause. "Theresa!" said he at length in an agitated tone, "are you aware of what event this day is the anniversary?"

"No," she replied, somewhat astonished at his question, "I did not know that the third of April was marked by any particular circumstance." And she spoke truly, for to poor Theresa, who was the solitary child of sin and shame, the anniversary of her birth had hitherto been a blank in the calendar. Her natal day had never been marked to her as one of joy and congratulation; she had

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never been the happy heroine of a little yearly fête, had never on that day received a grateful mother's blessing.

"It is *your* birthday, Theresa," continued Trevelyan; "you are now eighteen, you are of age—released from my control," he added with a bitter smile.

Theresa's colour went and came, and her eyes filled with tears; Trevelyan for an instant fixed his upon her, but she did not speak, and he was again silent. It needed not words however to prove that the same feelings at that moment occupied them both, for it was evident that the thoughts of each had instantly reverted to that day when, a year before, Theresa had first been informed of her father's wishes and dispositions respecting her, and that they both also well remembered with what different feelings they had then dwelt on the last clause in his will. That clause, which seemed almost to bestow upon Trevelyan a right to claim her as his own, in the sacred

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character of a husband; that clause, to which she had then listened in such unsuspecting ignorance of all the pangs which it might entail either on herself or her guardian.

Theresa walked hastily to the window to conceal her emotion, while Trevelyan, heaving a deep-drawn sigh, leaned his head against the mantel-piece. He felt as if he must now at length break silence and at once confess the feelings of his bursting heart. But, alas! what could he expect to hear in return, except that of which he was already but too certain? And why, therefore, while exposed to the unfeeling observation of many, add to the already miserable constraint of their intercourse by a useless disclosure, which might hasten, but apparently could not now alter, the fate of either?

These considerations made him resolve on still persevering for a time in that reserve to which he had hitherto, on principle, adhered. He again turned towards Theresa, who stood gazing

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vacantly from the window in evident dread of encountering his eyes. "I suppose you are aware," he continued, "that we propose leaving this the day after to-morrow? I trusted to my sister for informing you. Would to heaven we had never come!" he added with vehemence. "For *her* sake I mean—for *she*, at all events, has not benefited by the expedition; her health is not equal to the fatiguing life of bustle which is here led, and it is therefore on *her* account that I do not wish to prolong our stay."

Theresa signified, by an acquiescing motion of her head, that she was content with the arrangement; but Trevelyan saw big tears following each other down her cheeks. Were they for his rival? Were they tears of contrition for all the misery she was inflicting on himself? Some minutes elapsed, still those tears continued to flow: at last she covered her face with her hands, and Trevelyan heard her endeavouring, but in vain, to stifle her sobs.

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Oh! how ardently did he then long to invite her back to that fearless confidence which had once been his happiness—to that full reliance on his affection which had seemed once to constitute her's! Trevelyan left his place and approached Theresa, but before he had reached her side the image of Lord Herbert seemed to rush between them, and that image so adored by the one, so hated by the other, closed the hearts and lips of both.

Just then Miss Trevelyan entered, and Theresa, taking advantage of the supposed private business which had brought Colonel Trevelyan to his sister's apartment, hastily brushed away her tears, and left them together. Miss Trevelyan immediately perceived that something painful had occurred; she kindly took her brother's hand, and gave him all the comfort in her power, bidding him trust to the effects of separation, and to the probable transient nature of Lord Herbert's fancy

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for his ward; for she was, she said, convinced that he was not what is called a marrying man; that he could, therefore, have no object in pursuing the acquaintance, and that, when once they had left Trevelyan Castle, there was little chance of their ever again coming in each other's way. She concluded, therefore, by proposing an immediate departure, declaring herself to be now quite equal to the journey, and urging that they should keep to their first intended day for setting out.

That day at last, to Trevelyan's inexpressible relief, arrived; he anxiously watched Theresa and her lover, in order to ascertain the state of their feelings, and to form some idea of the degree of understanding which existed between them. Not a word was exchanged at parting, but the silence only confirmed his fears as to their mutual intelligence.

The gay St. Ives had many a mysterious, significant joke with Theresa on taking leave

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of her, and expressed unfeigned regret at the departure of his cousins. Lord Launceston trusted that before long he should have the honour of another visit from those so nearly related to him; and the Lady Augusta, relaxing somewhat from her usual coldness and formality, shook Miss Trevelyan cordially by the hand, and in a most flattering manner invited her cousin Frederick to visit them without delay in town, where she and her father were, before long, to take up their residence for the season. Trevelyan, having signified his intention of travelling outside, his sister and Theresa entered the carriage, and they drove off amid the kissing of hands and waving of hats of the party assembled on the steps of the house.

How different did the journey now appear, when retracing the same road, from what it had been but a few weeks before, when they had gaily travelled it together in hope and cordiality! Theresa, pretending to be entirely

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engrossed by a novel which she had borrowed for the journey, seldom took her eyes from the page before her, except to stare vacantly out of the carriage-window, when an occasional tear, which she hastily wiped away, stole down her cheek. Miss Trevelyan, on her part, suffering in body and depressed in spirits, was as little disposed for conversation as her companion, so that mile after mile was now travelled by them in unbroken silence. During the three melancholy days which their journey occupied, Trevelyan, after much torturing rumination on the subject, resolved at last on bringing his fate to a crisis by seeking (as soon as they should arrive at Richmond) that full explanation of Theresa's sentiments which he had hitherto so carefully avoided. But as he drove up to what had so lately been to him such a happy home, and thought on the trial which probably there awaited him, his courage nearly gave way, and fear and doubt got the better of all his resolutions.

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The very sight of those well-known lovely scenes, now again newly dressed in the first fresh green of spring, helped to divert him from his purpose. Was it possible that, when all around was still so bright, so placid, so lovely, the moral world within could be so totally changed? Might it not all be some dreadful phantasy of his brain, from which, when restored to what had hitherto been to him an earthly paradise, he should again awaken and find the happiness he had left?

When the carriage stopped, Trevelyan, still half bewildered by these contending feelings, sprang from it in order to assist his companions to alight. One glance in Theresa's countenance, however, as she darted past him, sufficed to recall his senses to the sad reality of his situation; for this return to her home had evidently affected her not less than himself. She hurried into the house, equally regardless of the joyous welcome of little Oscar, and the smiling obeisances of the ser-

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vants—and, springing up stairs, took immediate refuge from observation in the solitude of her own room. Trevelyan was now finally resolved. He paced the garden for some time in abstracted agitation, and then, his heart and head both throbbing with nervous agitation, he hastened to his own apartment, and there wrote the following letter to Theresa:—

"It is vain any longer to make a secret of the state of my mind. Indeed, I fear your own heart must now but too well assist you in reading mine. I will no longer conceal from you that I have long loved you—not as a father—not as a guardian—but as the most passionate, devoted of lovers. Honour has restrained me from sooner making this declaration, and now, I fear, it comes too late. But surely it did not require words to make you aware of the devotion of my heart? Perhaps I was wrong—vain—led away and deceived by

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my wishes; but at one time I could not help indulging in the blessed hope of a return. You were once kind to me, Theresa—you once confided in me; but now all is changed, and we seem to have become total strangers to each other.

"There is no use, however, in upbraiding or recurring to the past. You have now my fate, my very existence, in your hands. If still it were possible that my jealous fancy could have deceived me to my present misery —if still your affections should be ——. Oh! answer me, Theresa—one word, and I am the happiest of beings; one word, and my lips are closed for ever, never again to pain you by the avowal of feelings which you cannot return."

With a trembling hand Trevelyan sealed and directed this note; then ringing for the servant he bade him take it directly to Miss Howard. When the door was shut, and he

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heard John's footsteps on the stairs, leading to Theresa's apartment, a cold sweat bedewed his forehead. It seemed to him as if he was thus hastening his fate—voluntarily plunging himself into despair.—He paced up and down his room in nervous agitation, listening to every sound, and more than once hurried to the door, fancying he heard some one approaching.

An hour elapsed, and still no answer came.—He rang the bell with increased perturbation, and desired that Miss Howard's maid might go to her and inquire whether she had any letter for him. There was another long interval.—At length he heard a gentle knock at the door—he concluded it was the maid bringing him the long-wished for, but dreaded, reply, and he bade her enter.—The door slowly opened—and Theresa herself appeared.—Her face at once told him his fate—she was deadly pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. She rushed up to him, and falling on her knees by the couch into which he had sunk, she

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buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Much as Trevelyan had anticipated the end of all his hopes; fully prepared, as he thought he was, for the truth, yet the blow stunned him, and he stared wildly at her, unable to speak or move! They thus remained for a minute in total silence. At length holding out a letter towards Trevelyan, "This will explain all to you," said Theresa, in a faltering voice, and then clasping her hands in an agony of grief and remorse, "Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" she exclaimed, "for being the involuntary cause of sufferings which, believe me, are not greater than my own."

Still Trevelyan did not speak, and he averted his face to conceal the tears which bitter disappointment wrung from his manly heart. At length, making an effort to subdue his agitation, and taking her hand, as if in token of pardon, while he endeavoured to raise her from the ground, "I understand you, Theresa,"

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said he, in a low broken voice; "so leave me —for God's sake leave me—in a short time I shall be better—I will then speak to you—but now, I cannot," and he again convulsively pressed her hand.

Theresa rose to obey him, but the sight of his affliction quite overpowered her, and she still remained as if spell-bound at his side, feeling at that minute as if she could have renounced Lord Herbert and all her most romantic visions of felicity to make Trevelyan happy. Again he stammered out his entreaties to be left alone, and at last, conscience-stricken, torn by contending passions, she complied with his request, and returned to her own apartment.

When there, her sufferings were in truth fully equal to those of her guardian, for they were sharpened by remorse. She felt that she had wounded and deceived one from whom she had received every kindness, whose heart was devoted to her, and on whose steady affection

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through good report and evil report she might ever have relied.

In the violence of her remorse, and the virtuous zeal of the moment, Theresa again fancied that she had come to the resolution of giving up her own happiness in order to secure that of her guardian; and, with a flushed cheek and throbbing heart, she actually rose from her seat in order to complete the sacrifice, by the voluntary renunciation of Lord Herbert. But ere she had reached the door, his image rushed to her imagination, and with it returned all those enthusiastic feelings of love and admiration with which he had inspired her. Little indeed did Theresa know her own weakness, when even contemplating the possibility of such self-devotion; little was she aware of the overpowering influence of passion on a mind so undisciplined as hers.

In about an hour another packet was brought her from Trevelyan; on breaking the

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seal she found that it contained the letter, which she had at their recent interview put into his hands. That letter was, as may be supposed, from Lord Herbert, being the passionate declaration of love and constancy, by which he had, on the morning of Theresa's departure from Trevelyan Castle, confirmed his former professions of devotion, and her own rapturous expectations; at the end of the letter she had herself added these few words addressed to Trevelyan, "I have referred him to my guardian for a *final* answer."

After having again and again feasted her eyes on the adored characters in this letter of her lover's, though every word they formed was already known by heart, and every sentiment those words expressed engraven on her soul; Theresa, with a passionate sigh, was returning it to the envelope, when some writing within, which she had not before observed, caught her eye. It was evidently her

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guardian's, but so changed, it was with difficulty that she deciphered the words, which were to this effect.

"Let your mind be at rest; trust to me, I will do all in my power to secure your happiness. I intend immediately to leave home for a short time, therefore do not let any repugnance at the idea of meeting me, when in my present agitated state of feeling, prevent you from joining my sister as usual. She knows all, for I thought you might wish to be spared the pain of informing her of what has passed between us. You may therefore speak to her on the subject, or not, as you like best. F. T."

"Excellent! generous Trevelyan," exclaimed Theresa, as she read these words, and again all her self-upbraidings and doubts returned; but need it be added, that love—all-powerful love,

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again interposed, and finally triumphed. Theresa delayed leaving her own apartment as long as possible, but, being at length informed that dinner was ready, and knowing that Miss Trevelyan was now alone, she felt obliged to join her. She entered the room with the feelings of a criminal, not daring even to look towards her friend; and never since that day, on which Theresa had first been received under her hospitable roof, had their *tête-à-tête* repast been eaten in such comfortless silence.

When at last Theresa ventured to raise her eyes towards her dear Treevy, the sight of her's, red and heavy with recent tears, gave a fresh pang to her heart, for she could well guess at their cause, and again took herself to task for thus afflicting all those who had been most kind to her. The instant dinner was over the friends separated (not a word having passed between them with reference to that subject which filled both their minds), and

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Theresa hastily escaped to the garden, hoping that the fresh air might compose her nerves and cool her aching head. But there every object which she saw brought to her recollection some trait of her guardian's kindness, and again renewed the struggle between love and gratitude; for her mind recurred to those peaceful evenings when, a few months back, before a stronger feeling had taken possession of her soul, she in happiness and contentment had wandered with her two friends on the lovely Thames, marking with pleasure returning cheerfulness on Miss Trevelyan's countenance — that much-loved countenance, now again saddened, and by her means! She remembered too (and now full well understood) each trait of devoted affection on the part of Trevelyan; the expression of his eyes, when fixed upon her while she sang his favourite songs, or when, in mock contention, they had gaily argued some disputed point.

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But then another actor in the scene rose to her imagination. The unknown boatman !—he who, from that moment when he first heard her voice, and through the twilight caught a glimpse of her features, had sought her with such flattering perseverance.

For it was not chance that, day after day, directed his little shallop beneath their garden-wall ; it was not chance that brought him to Sir Henry Williams's, to the ball, and, finally, to Trevelyan Castle. And much more than all this, would his enterprising passion have attempted to win the valued prize, had he not seen that she was under the guardianship of a sentinel whose jealous vigilance would have taken quick alarm at any open premature attack, and with whom, therefore, it was necessary to be cautious?

How resist such devotion? proceeding too from one gifted by nature with every attraction calculated to turn a young head. Thus

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the reverie, of which the kind, the generous Trevelyan had been the original object, had soon Lord Herbert alone for its hero, and terminated in all those vague, rapturous anticipations of perfect happiness, into which the young are ever deceived by passion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

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